

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newspicture Weekly

JANUARY 6, 1937

VOL. XLIV—NO. 21

TEN CENTS



STESSES OF THE AIR

They Live on Earth . . . Page 9



COAST GUARD CADETS

At Their Academy In New London . . . Page 21



WPA SITS DOWN ON THE JOB

Unemployment—Still the Problem . . . Page 6



LONG ISLAND BLACKSMITH

Armor for Movie Knights . . . Page 16

The Biggest, Most Practical Book of GARDEN INFORMATION

EVER PUBLISHED FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER!

THE Garden Encyclopedia

Page Size 6 x 9 inches

At last, a complete garden encyclopedia in ONE volume! Answers every question about your garden that you are likely to face, in simple non-technical language, in convenient alphabetical arrangement that enables you to turn *instantly* to just the facts you want. No more need to search through dozens of incomplete books for information. Now *every point* that puzzles you is explained briefly, clearly, authoritatively in this one book. Its scope is amazing; it covers *every problem* of planning, planting and caring for your garden. *NEW from cover to cover and right up to the minute!*

Nearly 1400 Pages • 750 Pictures

10,000 Authoritative Articles

Complete pronouncing guide for every plant subject.

WRITTEN BY AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL EXPERTS

Edited by E. L. D. SEYMOUR, B. S. A.

How to Grow Every Flower, Vegetable, Shrub
How to Select the Best Kinds
How, When, and Where to Plant
How to Plan a Garden for Beauty and Success
How to Care for and Cultivate

How, When, and Where to Transplant
How to Condition Soil and Fertilize
How to Overcome Pests and Diseases
How to Store Roots, Bulbs, etc., for Winter
How to Prune, Disbud, etc.
How to Cultivate Indoor and Window Boxes

**WHATEVER YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT
YOUR GARDEN IS INSTANTLY FOUND HERE!**

Written for the Climate, Soils, Seasons and Methods of All Parts of the U. S.



Annual Flowers
Classes
General Characteristics
Easy to Grow
Varieties
Hard to Grow
Varieties

Hardy Types
Half-Hardy
Types
Selection
Grouping
Germination
Tables
Starting Indoors
Planting Dates
Planting Methods
Transplanting
Thinning Out
Fertilizing
Watering
Pinching
Cultivation
Varieties of
Flowers

Flowering Bulbs
For Spring
Planting
For Fall Planting
Roses
Flowering Shrubs
Ornamental Vines



Ornamental Trees
Fruit Trees
Berries
Hedges
Lawns
Preparing Soil
Rock Garden
Water Gardens
Evergreens
Wild Flowers
Window Boxes
Fertilizers
Vegetables
Pests
Diseases
Soil Preparation
Hot Beds and
Cold Frames

Garden Planning
Tables
Succession Planting
Winter Storage
Old Fashioned
Garden
Transplanting
Pruning
Tools
Shows and Exhibits
Fences and Walls
Ferns
Cactus
Greenhouses
Grafting

How to Prune a Rose Bush Spring and Fall

One of the many expertly drawn diagrams in The Garden Encyclopedia. This great book *shows* as well as *tells* you how to do everything. 750 illustrations, including 250 half-tones, as practical and easy to understand as the text which accompanies them.

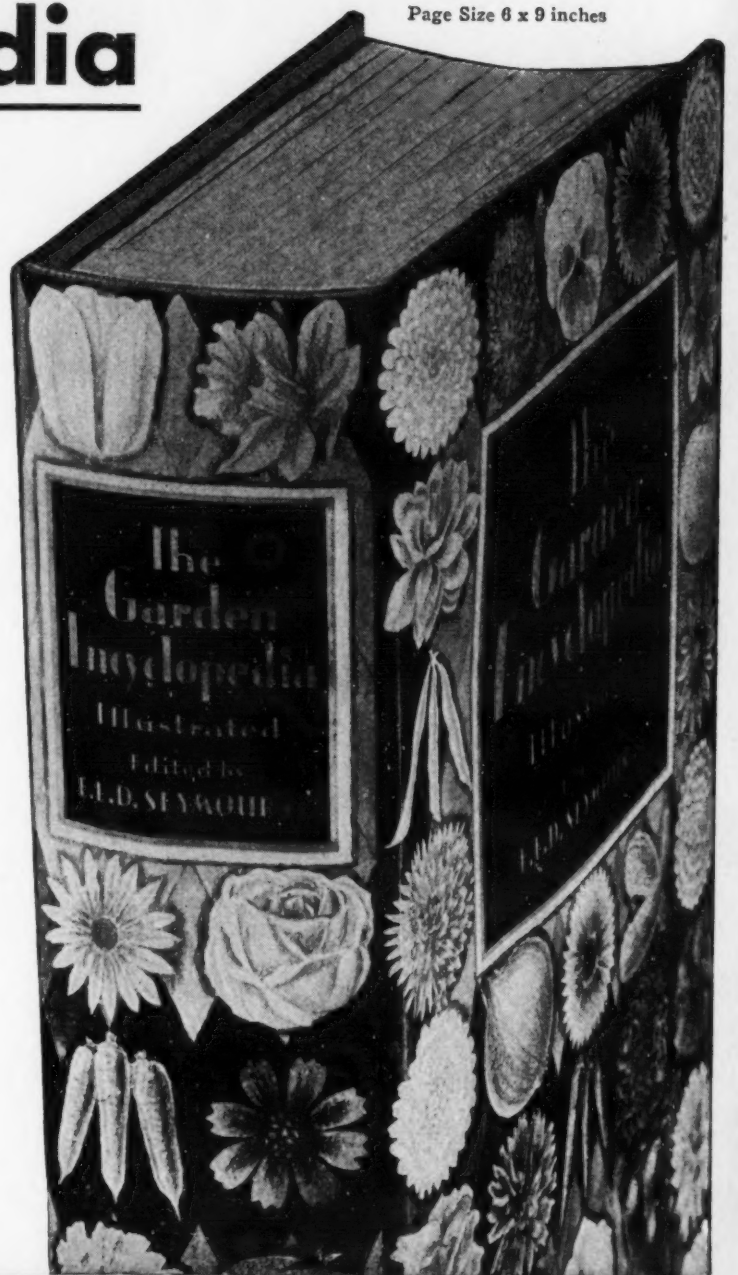
"Here is the garden book complete, all that most gardeners will ever need for what they have or dream of."—Philadelphia Inquirer.
"Unquestionably the greatest book of its kind that has come down our garden path for some time. And done so beautifully it's a joy to study it! Readable type, splendidly printed, substantial paper and above all, text worth reading!"—New York World-Telegram.

GARDEN PLANS FREE

A beautiful 16 page booklet in color containing Garden and Landscape Plans sent with the Garden Encyclopedia. Keep it FREE in connection with book.

EXAMINE THIS BOOK FREE!

You may have this great GARDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA at the special pre-season price of \$3.65. Price will go up later. Just sign and send the coupon now, with no money, to reserve your copy. We will notify you when the volume is ready to ship. Then send \$1.00 deposit and the GARDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA, with free garden plans, will be shipped prepaid for a week's examination. If you are not delighted, return it and your dollar will be refunded at once. If you keep it, your deposit is your first payment and you pay balance at the rate of \$1.00 per month.



**A Whole Shelf of Garden Books
in ONE Up-To-Date Volume**

**SPECIAL PRE-SEASON PRICE \$3.65
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW**

WM. H. WISE & CO., Publishers

Dept. 271, 50 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

I wish to examine, without obligation or expense, one copy of the Garden Encyclopedia. Notify me when ready to ship and I will send one dollar deposit. Ship fully prepaid for one week's examination. If I return the book you will refund my deposit at once. If I keep it the deposit is my first payment and I will send \$1.00 each month until the special pre-season price of \$3.65 (plus a few cents postage) is paid. Garden Plans are to be mine free, in connection with the book.

(If full cash accompanies order, book will be sent postage free. Same return privilege, of course.)

Name

Address

City..... State.....

☐ Check if you wish beautiful artcraft binding for \$1.00 more.

Cross

Congre

Where

Are Bo

Rover

WPA S

"Simpli

The Bl

William

Sweet

Wagne

Kids T

Stay O

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

Depart

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newspicture Weekly

Editor and Publisher: Monte Bourjaily
Managing Editor: Franz Hoellering

Contents

Cross Currents	2
Congress Convenes	3
Where Heroes Are Made	4
Are Bombers Growing Faster Than Children?	8
Rover Girls of the Air	9
WPA Sits Down on the Job	12
"Simplicity!" says Mme. Schiaparelli	14
The Blacksmith of Long Island	15
William Albert Robinson: In Which I Find My Dream Ship	18
Sweet Abuses of Publicity	20
Wagner in Modern Dress	22
Kids Trust Caspar	30
Stay Out of the Running	32

Departments:

George Jean Nathan—Theatre	24
Movie Stuff and Stuffings	26
For Radio Fans Only	28
Book Reviews	31
It's in the News	34
Brain Tanglers	35
Crossword Puzzle	36
A Laugh for Your Palette	37
Cesar	38
Charles B. Driscoll—How Did You Get Through the Week?	40

Mid-Week PICTORIAL
The NEWSPICTURE Weekly
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Vol. XLIV No. 21

Week ending January 6, 1937. An illustrated weekly published by Pictorial Publications, Inc., 148 East Forty-seventh Street, New York, N. Y. Monte Bourjaily, president. Subscription rates: \$3.90 a year in United States, Canada, Mexico, Central and South America. All other countries, \$5.90. Two weeks' notice required for change of address. When ordering change give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y., and at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Pictorial Publications, Inc. Communications: Accompany all photos and manuscripts with return postage; not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs; all correspondence relating to advertising, to the Advertising Manager; all correspondence regarding subscriptions, to the Circulation Manager.

January 6, 1937

Merger in the Old Red Barn!

The name Life has been sold to Time Magazine. The humorous contents of the old Life are now included in the new Judge, giving readers a double bill for their money.



THE RINGLINGS said it. "Merger is hell." We now know what Barnum and Bailey and all the Ringling Brothers went through when they put their acts together in one tent. We've just been through it, nearly laughing ourselves to death over the show we're going to give you this coming year.

But, worst of all, we kept the customers waiting. We couldn't keep popping out from behind the curtain cajoling the audience to patience. "We want Judge," was a howl to heaven all over the nation. However, it's done. Gosh, we hoped you liked it. It must be pretty good. Old Pro Bono Publico, the demon indicter, hasn't taken his pen in hand to vlew it with alarm, and we saw a girl on the train giggling over her copy fit to kill.

All laughs spring from humorous foibles, from pontifical people giving silly answers to serious questions, from amateur hour messiahs out to save the world at so much per week and expenses—in a word, from comedians playing Hamlet.

So, for "a distracted world that does not know which way to turn nor what will happen to it next," we turn the shafts of the greatest aggregation of essayists, critics, and plain and fancy wits ever assembled under one canvas, upon all human weaknesses. This is the way to convert people to fun. If we can keep the world laughing it might save itself.

You will want Judge every month. It's the new smart magazine of fun and frolics. \$1.50 now insures you from forgetfulness as well as the annoyance of month-to-month purchase . . . and you save money. Subscribe now.

JUDGE

16 E. 48th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.50 for a year's subscription to Judge.

\$2.50 for a 2 years' subscription.

2 or more subscriptions each \$1.25 yearly.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Cross Currents



1932
In the dumps of
the depression.

(Wide World)

THE December buying boom is over, some five billion dollars were spent on the biggest Christmas buying spree in years, store shelves are depleted, factory stocks are cleaned out, much money is back in circulation, plenty is abroad in the land again.

We are so glib with figures. When the National Dry Goods Association says total national sales for all types of goods in December's Christmas trade was five billion dollars, what does that mean? It should mean that every man, woman and child in the United States spent forty dollars for Christmas. But the Christmas budgets of millions unfortunately was still a fraction of this figure, and for many it was nothing at all.

That is why cuts and threats of cuts in relief projects are premature. Beating down the number of people on WPA rolls by recent cuts still leaves some two and a half million on relief projects. And January and February, the months when need is greatest, must be passed before seasonal employment begins to take up the slack.

Meantime, the president recommends an appropriation of five hundred millions for the first five months of 1937, at the rate of one hundred million a month. The rate at the close of the year was about a hundred and fifty million a month, so this will make a cut of one third.

When we go back to that figure of five billions spent for retail buying in the December Christmas spree, we wonder why all the shouting for relief projects cuts. If we can afford to spend five billions in one month for Christmas, we should not quibble over a hundred and fifty million for relief each month while the need is so great.

But there was a lot of talk about balancing the budget in the last campaign. The challenge to the present administration was based largely on charges of extravagance, and the opposition promised to balance the budget if they succeeded. But the electorate was not stirred. They are not interested in balancing the budget, if it means depriving millions of relief work. Just as we are going into the new

prosperity of 1937, we don't want two and a half millions of our people thrown back on charity and private means for livelihood.

It looks as though we will have a census of unemployed soon to guide the Congress in its treatment of this problem. Many figures are available, from many sources, but they don't seem to check. It's about time we knew the truth about unemployment.

Figures alone are not enough, of course. If a census of unemployed is undertaken, it should reveal not alone the extent but the causes of unemployment, its spread and its locale. It should uncover all the unemployables, for reasons of age and unfitness, and suggest permanent handling for them.

The most obvious means of spreading employment is through curtailing hours of work, to create more jobs. Organized labor's drive for the thirty-hour week is based on this theory. And while it is an out-of-reach millennium for the present, the campaign will shorten the hours of labor some, and will create some new jobs.

President Roosevelt begins his new term under vastly changed conditions from those he faced in March of 1933. While some banks are still closed, some millions are still unemployed, and some businesses are still in the doldrums, most banks are bulging with deposits, millions have been returned to employment, industry is booming, the stock market is making paper millionaires again, and the stage is all set for a new prosperity. The drives to organize labor in the steel, rubber and automobile industries reflect the confidence of labor that industry will not hold out just when production is reaching for new peaks.

Can Roosevelt teach us how to stand prosperity, as he taught us how to face privation? His second term should be one of the most constructive administrations in American history. It should lay the foundation for a new American scheme with the new Social Security as a base, that will preserve American institutions and the right of individuals while assuring a stake for all in the present and security in the future.

(Entire contents copyrighted by Pictorial Publications)



1936
Over the top and
vistas ahead.

(Wide World)



The speakers of the Senate and the House confer. Vice-President John Garner talks over the 1937 legislative program with House Speaker William B. Bankhead.

Congress Convenes

BIG JIM FARLEY spent his post-election vacation in Ireland. When he kissed the blarney stone, America rejoiced, the Irish beamed with pride, and the Republicans in Washington met in a phone booth to pass a vote of thanks. Farley had ceremoniously purged himself of his precious "blarney."

But the blarney stone is just a stone. At a National Press Club luncheon, Mr. Farley expressed a pleading hope for a "strong Republican opposition—but not too strong." This, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, was essential to good government.

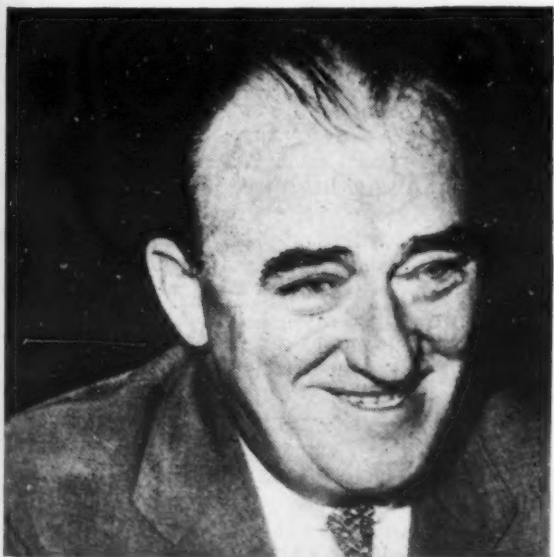
Having said his piece, Mr. Farley went home and dreamed about ways and means for whipping the overwhelmingly Democratic Congress into steam-roller efficiency in time for its opening, January 5.

All things considered, Mr. Farley will probably be blessed with fairly easy sailing. In the Senate, Democrats are in a majority of almost six to one. Trusty Joe Robinson, the magnificent work horse of the New Deal, will be handling the Democratic majority in that body with all of his usual aplomb. Senator Charles McNary, who gave only perfunctory support to Nominee Landon, will do what he can with the remaining sixteen Republican Senators.

In the House, Mr. Farley will have to do considerable cracking of the whip. The House has 334 Democrats out of a total of 435 members, and already there are some signs of unwillingness to be led by the nose. Right now, the chief issue is the majority leadership. Some of the boys want John O'Connor to take over. Mr. Garner, speaking for Mr. Roosevelt, said he was "for Sam Rayburn 200%." If "some of the boys" get their way, friction may temporarily halt bills jammed through Congressional chambers by a dominant administration.



Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon will be the Senate minority leader. His support: 16 Republicans.



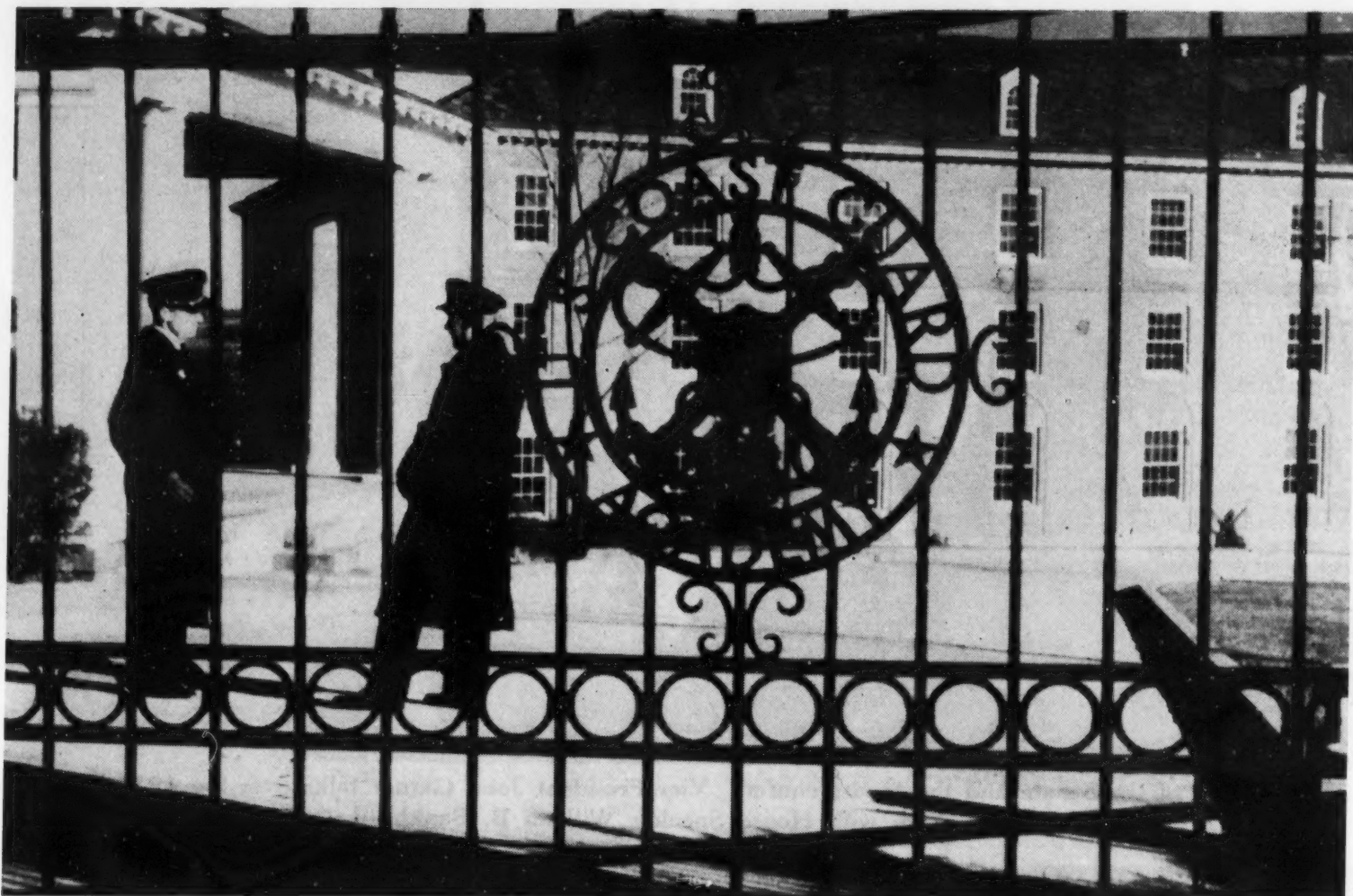
John J. O'Connor of New York faces administration opposition in his bid for the leadership of the House majority, one of Washington's potent jobs.



Arkansas' Joseph T. Robinson, as majority leader in the Senate, must keep Democratic Senators in line.



Sam Rayburn of Texas will probably lead the House majority, because Mr. Garner (of Texas) thinks he is "the best-equipped man in the place."

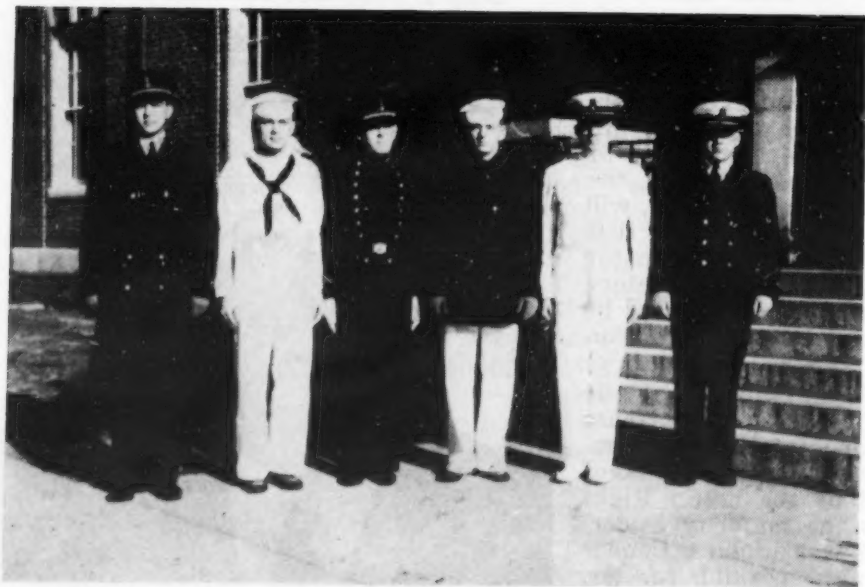


Mid-Week photos by William M. Nelson

Once all Coast Guard officers were recruited from the Navy and Merchant Marine. Today the Academy turns out its own top men. Two academic sessions and one sea session each year for four years make trained seamen of green cadets. Their Motto: "Scientiae Cedit Mare"—The Sea Yields to Science.

Where Heroes Are Made

With its Academy, its patrols, its constant watch in coast stations and its highly trained personnel, the United States Coast Guard each year, in lives and property saved, more than justifies its Congressional appropriation.



Regulations require proper uniforms at proper times. They are, left to right: blue dress uniform, white working dress, evening dress or "monkey suit," working dress with blue peacoat, white "undress," and blue service dress.

WHEN the first U. S. Congress met on August 4, 1790, it passed an act providing for the establishment of a Coast Guard to enforce the country's custom laws. Beginning with this one duty, America's Coast Guard has increased in size and function, until today it is the primary marine law enforcement agency of the government.

Still regulating the enforcement of marine law, the Coast Guard also acts as an agency for the saving of life and property at sea, protects fish and game reservations, destroys wrecks and derelicts, maintains an Ice Patrol off the Grand Banks in Alaska, carries the U. S. mails, maintains a marine ambulance service, and performs numerous other valuable duties. In time of war or national emergency, it operates as part of the navy, and has the desirable feature of being instantly available.

The Coast Guard's enlisted

men enter its service via various recruiting stations; its officers are mainly graduates of the Coast Guard Academy. What West Point is to the Army, what Annapolis is to the Navy, the Academy at New London is to the Coast Guard. Operating like any high-grade engineering college, the Academy offers its cadets a thorough training in seamanship, in addition to a course in general engineering. And its cadets, save for their almost perfect physical selves, differ little from the average college undergraduate.

Few arms of law enforcement are as well coordinated as the Coast Guard unit, few so little understood by the general public. Coast guard efficiency, due in great part to the rigorous training by the Academy, permits it to function so quietly that those whom it safeguards are unaware of its constant vigilance.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly

First Half of the Day: Tough!



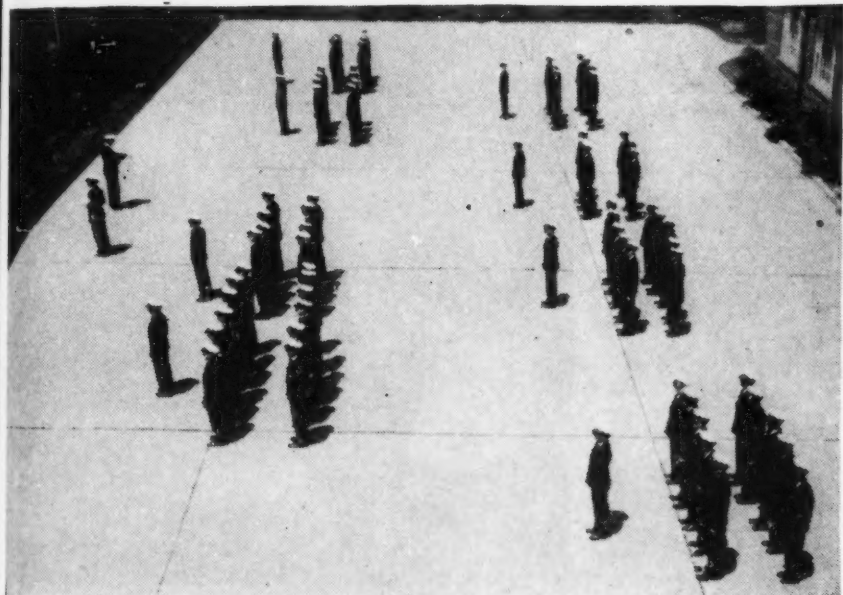
6:15, Reveille. Cadets tumble out of bed as reluctantly as any other young men.



And with the Cadet wondering about the truth of that old early-to-rise proverb, his day begins.



7:05, Breakfast. "Slum" is the word for food which is always on the menu.



7:45, Battalion Inspection. Cadets must be as straight as West Pointers, although they don't parade as often.



Inspection is thorough. And the Cadets are as identical as the girls in the Rockette chorus.



9:45, Cleaning for room inspection. No Dutch kitchen is neater than these rooms at inspection time.



Then class study. Higher math, engineering, navigation, maritime law, chemistry.



And recitation. Scholastic standards compare favorably with any engineering college.

Second Half - - No Let-Up!



In the afternoon, laboratory. Six hours a day in class room and lab.



Communications practice. Technical experience backs up theories.



And drill with Big Guns. Icebergs are their likeliest target.



Supper. Lower class "swabs" may lounge as they please.



For upper class men regulations prescribe the edge of the chair.



7:00, Study hour. Cadets are paid \$780 a year while in the Academy.



At ten sharp the bugler sounds "taps." A symbol of Coast Guard punctuality.



Senior officers perform "Lights Out!" Reading with a flashlight is forbidden.



And so to bed. Hard work, hard exercise, and plain food induce sleep.

Time Out for Girls...



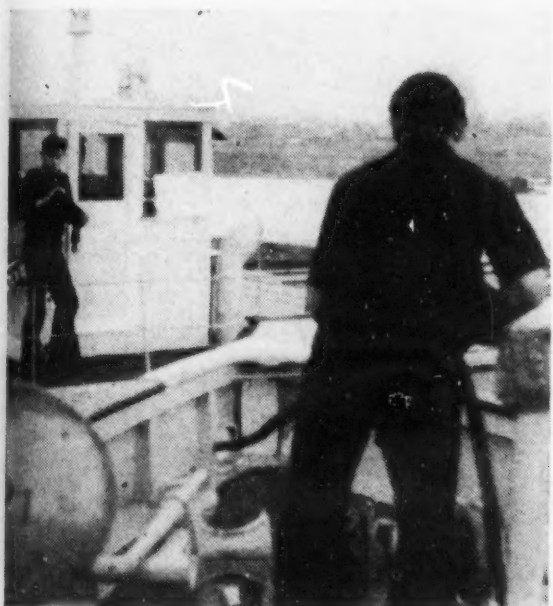
Play has its place in Academy life, and social functions are not infrequent.



Shop talk persists, and gaiety is mixed with casual instruction in gunnery.



As the evening wears on, cadets lose their reserve while...



with much work, little study, little play, no dances...



enlisted men patrol solitary seaways along the country's dangerous coastline



and keep lonely watch for hours on end, fair weather or foul



While some 130 young men, soon to be officers, pass four disciplined years of study, work, and play, amid the pleasant surroundings of their Academy.

AIR FORCES IN EUROPE

DEMOCRATIC BLOC

England, France, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia

10,100

FASCIST BLOC

Germany, Italy, Japan, Austria, Hungary

6,500



Photomontage by Pierotti

Are Bombers Growing Faster Than Children?

Each plane built cancels every thousand children born in the fight between life and death.

THE thunder of the next destruction sounds quietly in the muffled beat of propellers straining for the takeoff.

On no other indication of military strength are the European nations more secretive than in listings of the strength of their air forces. Each year, for some reason or other, the League of Nations publishes a so-called "armaments handbook," in which the League purports to reveal the various military strengths of the nations. If that is the League's aim, it fails. The nations simply do not tell the truth.

Probably leading all nations in air strength is Russia, who

listed 750 planes, as of 1931, yet several observers of the foreign scene aver that the U. S. S. R. is proceeding on a construction program of 5,000 war planes a year. A more conservative estimate would credit the Soviets with 3,500 bombers and pursuit planes. With that strength, Russia is probably 33% more powerful in the air than any other single nation.

France, also in the bloc of democratic nations, probably has the second ranking air fleet in Europe. She lists 2,286 planes, has at least 2,500

Other nations in the democratic bloc are Great Britain, Czech-

oslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia. The British list 1,207 planes, have probably 2,000. Czechoslovakia lists 566, may have 650. Rumania has the strongest air force in the Balkans; to the League she reports 773 planes at her disposal. Actually, Rumania may have around 850 machines. Yugoslavia lists her air strength at 552, and has at least 650 war planes.

With the fascist nations, the listings are undoubtedly far less truthful, and estimates are much more hazardous.

Germany probably has the most formidable air strength in the fascist bloc. A rock-bottom

figure would be 2,200 planes. As far as can be ascertained, she may have 3,300.

Italy lists 1,861 planes in the League handbook, has easily 2,000. Japan lists a bare 1,025, and has probably 1,800. Austria and Hungary make no listings, but between the two there are perhaps 500 war planes.

By and large, the bloc of democratic nations has a distinct advantage in the air. Reading from the League of Nations handbook alone, it has 6,134 planes to a fascist total of 2,886. Extended to include probability, the respective totals are about 10,100 to 6,500.



Stewardesses have a six-hour maximum work day, and get every third day off, but they are glad to leave the ship at the end of the flight.



Photos by Eric Godal

The first duty of a stewardess is to check off the names of passengers as they board the plane. Thereafter she must be a combined waitress, porter, guide, philosopher, and friend.

Rover Girls of the Air

It takes a registered nurse's certificate, good health, good looks, a good disposition, and eight weeks in a training school to produce an airline stewardess—and then she gets married.



Exchanging notes with a pilot just before the flight.



Before everything else, she must be a registered nurse.

IF you go to the movies, you can't be blamed if you think of an airline stewardess as a superwoman who (a) Is beautiful, shapely, glamorous, (b) Can and does take over the controls to avert a crash when for some reason the two pilots are incapacitated, (c) Outwits a 'plane'ful of badmen who have just cracked the U. S. Mint, (d) Protects her virtue against terrific odds, (e) Finally weds the poor but honest pilot, in spite of the fact that the wise-cracking young man in seat 4 turned out to be a millionaire's son.

Needless to say, the Hollywood stewardess isn't working on any of the airlines, and the real stewardesses are only typical American girls with good health and interesting jobs. American Airline stewardesses are good representatives of the profession, and the facts applying to them apply in general to the girls on other lines. First and most important requirement for the job is that the candidate be a registered

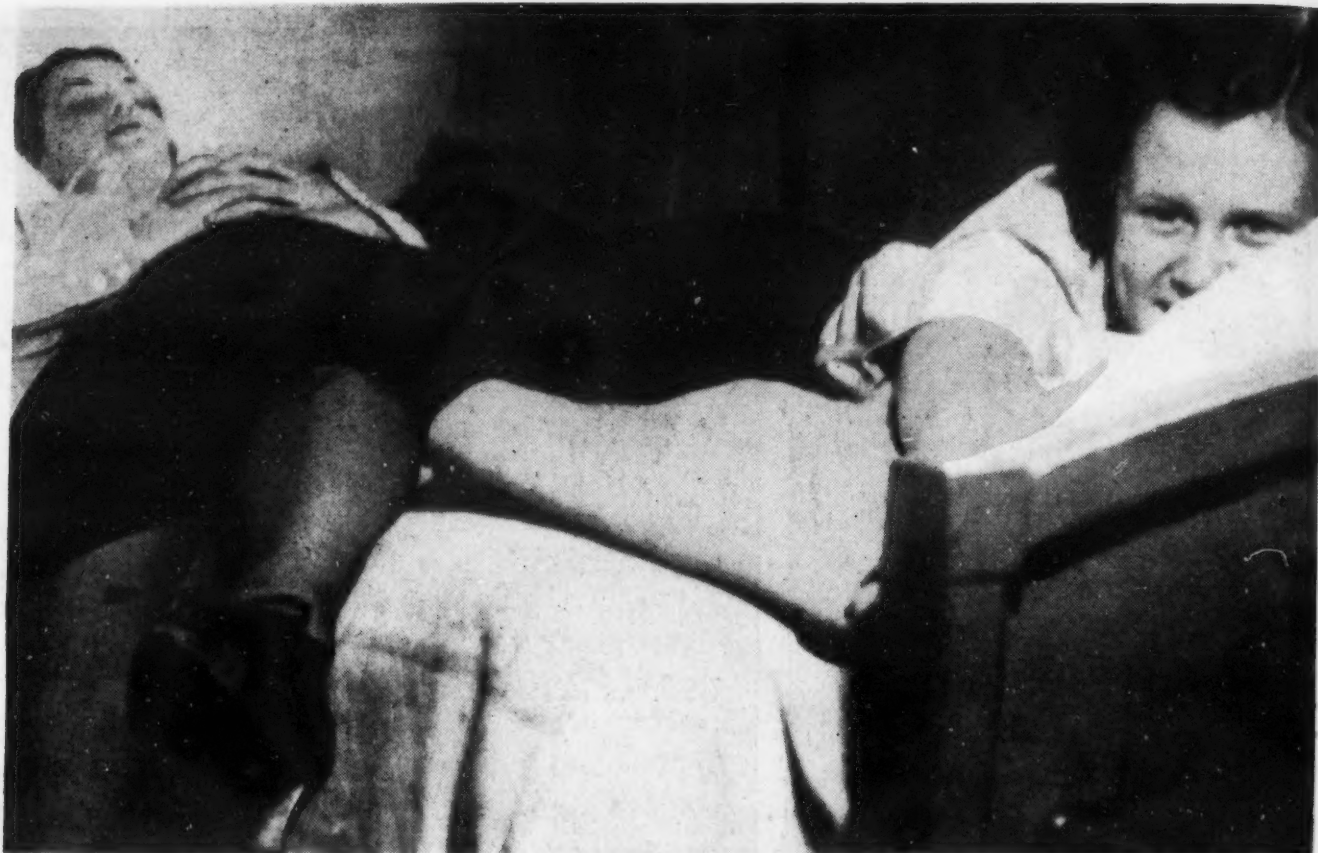
nurse, because nurses are trained and disciplined, and are able to handle almost any crisis which may arise. In addition, a good, many invalids and sick people travel by air, and are comforted by the nurse's presence.

Height of five and a half feet or less, and weight under 115 pounds are other essentials; the weight restriction is obvious, and height is merely for the sake of uniformity and good appearance. Likewise perfect teeth, flawless complexions, and sound health are required, but facial prettiness is at no great premium. Ordinary education suffices, but girls who know foreign languages have an edge over others. Twenty-five is the beginners' age-limit, but stewardesses in service may pass that age without fear of dismissal. Nor is marriage cause for dismissal, though for some reason the girls invariably resign when they enter matrimony.

For a salary of from \$135 to \$150 per month, the stewardess



Irritable passengers and would-be Don Juans are the biggest problems the stewardess has to meet, but she knows how to deal with them.



Every flight produces a couple of good stories, and here two stewardesses are regaling each other with gossip. But contrary to what you probably expect, the girls have few flying romances.

is expected to bring comfort to the sick, consolation to the lonely, pleasure to the bored, and knowledge to the inquisitive. Specifically, her duties begin when she checks off on a manifest the names of the passengers entering the ship. Next she gives them pillows, sees that their belts are fastened, and brings cards, typewriters, stationery, water, and reading matter. On a so-called "meal run"—New York to Chicago, for example—she serves lunch for as many as twenty-one passengers. Food is prepared in advance by a caterer and placed on board the plane in a big metal

container with hot and cold compartments; afterwards dirty dishes and scraps are put into the container until the plane lands, so that no actual cooking or washing up has to be done in the air.

Answering questions is by far the most constant, as well as the most tricky, of the stewardess' tasks. For that reason, the line's training school lays special emphasis on technical instruction. Half of the eight week training course, in fact, is devoted to drilling girls in the right answers. They must be able to name and explain all the instruments on the



The line maintains dormitories for stewardesses in every airport city on the route. They are away from home about half the time.



Perfect health is a major requirement of airline stewardesses. It enables them to do good work, and to have good times when off duty.



Stewardesses aren't paid a great deal, but they manage to have a good time. Frequently they are asked to make up fourths at bridge during flights. And cards help them pass the time in the dormitories between flights.

control panel, and when the plane hits rough air, it's up to them to calm the faint-hearts.

No amount of training, however, can teach stewardesses how to cope with the disconcerting and disagreeable situations which sometimes arise during flights. They must be able and willing to turn the other cheek and give the soft answer to grouchy passengers, and frequently it is necessary for them to sidestep amorous advances without giving offense to a would-be Don Juan. The importance of tact in the job is the principal reason why nearly all

airlines choose women in preference to men as attendants. Women keep their tempers longer than men, it is believed, and are certainly more popular with the passengers.

Since a Department of Commerce ruling sharply limits the number of flying hours in the pilot's week, stewardesses work the same schedules as the male members of the crew, and spend more time off duty than on. (In most cases the girls work two days and are off one, the maximum work day being six hours.) The line maintains quarters at its own expense for the use of

stewardesses away from their home cities. Since they shuttle back and forth between two airport cities, they are at home only half the time, although schedules are arranged so that they spend their days off in their home cities.

Already something of a tradition and a legend, these hostesses of the air have proved themselves of heroic calibre. In almost every major accident or near accident in the last few years, a stewardess has helped save the ship and the ship's passengers.



Typical airline stewardess. Height: Not over 5 feet, 6 inches. Weight: Under 115.



Good skin, good teeth, a slender figure, and a generally pleasing appearance are required, but the girls don't have to be raving beauties.



No alcohol is permitted for 12 hours before the take-off.



(International)

New York WPA actors stage an all night stubborn sit-down performance to protest a slash in their project's "cast."



(Acme)

New York's Mayor La Guardia wants no WPA cuts, leads mayors, who protest.

WPA Sits Down on the Job

When the tide of the battle against unemployment turns toward victory, the WPA reduces its forces, thereby commits a tactical military error.



(Acme)

Administrator Hopkins cuts a little here, a little there but would rather not.

CLEVER New Deal editors assign cartoonists to a scorching sketch of a little man who, scratching his head, wonders if Roosevelt really won the November 3rd election. Question in the little man's mind is why, if F. D. R. did get in, is he acting like Landon.

If Roosevelt was re-elected for any major, concrete reason, it was because of his generous relief policy. Yet his administrator, Harry L. Hopkins, now announces that 198,350 WPA workers have been dropped from projects between Nov. 7 and Dec. 5. So soon! And so many!

One explanation of this difficult-to-explain wholesale dismissal is that the New Deal is in a dilemma. It wants to balance a budget, but it can't do that trick and also keep on its present mass of WPA workers. It must convince business that in return for



(Acme)

WPA artists, 2,000 strong, chant, criticize and carry the names of President Roosevelt and Col. Brehon Somervell, WPA administrator for New York.

industry's promised absorbing of some of the unemployed, it will make efforts to not only balance the budget, but reduce taxes.

Then there is a second explanation, one whispered confidentially by defenders of the New Deal faith. Hopkins reputedly is cleverly releasing WPA writers, artists and other white collar groups in large cities because they, well organized, will protest loudly, sit-down in strikes and call up the support and the wrath of labor unions. Thus Congress will be forced to renew and even enlarge its WPA allotments and all will be rosy.

But this bit of logic holds little water for two reasons. First, Congress will probably continue with generous relief allotments without being coerced. Second, in a WPA survey of the workers released most were not white

collar workers in large cities, but farmers in drought areas.

Economists, even those on the one-time Republican brain-trust, are agreed upon one simple thing: that if prosperity is to continue and the standard of living to rise, not only must present wages be increased ahead of increases in prices, but the present nation-wide purchasing power must be continually upped and in no instance allowed to sag.

If such argument is valid, then the present slash in WPA employees should not be tolerated even by Old Dealers. It is the only solid, tested form of unemployment relief that has paid its own way. It serves private industry by maintaining and increasing the consuming power of the nation. It protects workers by automatically establishing a decent minimum wage, under which no private firm could hire employees.

It therefore seems reasonable that both business and labor should fight for not only the continuation of WPA on its present scale, but for its enlargement.

No better unemployment-depression insurance seems possible for the moment. Its increase of the purchasing power of the people should prevent another depression, and consequent enlargement of pro-

duction to meet enlargement of consumption, should take up the slack in employment.

Besides being the best unemployment insurance yet devised, the WPA is the best insurance known for maintaining the nation's cultural and natural resources.

WPA workers have so far completed 26,000 miles of new highway—a little more than the circumference of the earth—, 1,141 grade and secondary schools, 213 other educational buildings, 179 hospital buildings, 75 other State and local public buildings, 2,263 miles of sewers, 659 parks and playgrounds, 63 new airplane landing fields.

WPA has contributed to the enjoyment of the nation through its theatrical and art projects, to education through its wide-spread educational projects . . . and saved the self respect, and in many instances the actual lives of thousands of Americans who faced depression devastation. Some day the unemployed of 1929-36 will be immortalized as the heroes of the eight-year war the nation has almost fought through to victory. These yet-to-be acclaimed heroes are still taking the brunt of the battle. To forget them now would place responsibility on smug employed, who, safe behind the lines, already celebrate victory.



(Acme)
In the city hall, Pleasantville, N. J.



(International)

Sleeping sentries in Chicago's Merchandise Mart watch out for their WPA jobs. Their story is that unless WPA appropriations continue large, unemployment, the nation's most vicious enemy, will again take the lead in that merciless economic struggle where no one is victor.



Staff Photo

"Simplicity!"—says Mme. Schiaparelli

But it is also the most expensive factor in fashions, the famous dress designer insists.

SIMPLICITY is the thing, the real thing, and the whole thing in the fashion world; this is the mandate of Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli to American women as she visits this country to do some shopping and survey the dime stores.

But, she makes it clear, simplicity is also the most expensive thing, because it is the hardest to do right and is the hardest test for workmanship to pass. When workmanship, design and materials are poor, dressmakers cover them with decorations and gadgets to conceal the poor quality. Only superb women and superb dressmakers can manage simplicity.

And so, she advises American women to take a man along when they go shopping, "because men love simplicity, and that type is always smartest."

Mme. Schiaparelli should know, if anyone does. It hardly need be recorded again that she is one of the most famous of Paris' stylists and dictator of fashion to a large part of the international feminine world. Born in Rome, daughter of a mathematics professor, she early went to London

where she married a Pole. They separated soon afterward, and her daughter was born in New York. Thence she went to Paris, where her great career began in an humble manner.

Being poor, she began to design clothes for her wealthy and prominent friends. Almost immediately she was successful and started branching out. She has never had any capital given her, but has built up her business on increasing profits only. Today she has shops in both London and Paris, employs hundreds, and influences styles all over the world. Every year she designs about 150 dresses, as well as all sorts of accessories—hats, sweaters, pocketbooks and others.

Tired of buying everything from her own shop on the Place Vendome in Paris, she came to this country to look over the shopping possibilities here and to explore the dime stores, whose renown has evidently spread to the fashion salons of Paris.

She was generous with her advice to American women, saying, "I believe in quality rather than quantity. The fewer clothes the better, as long as those you have are of good quality." We have a hunch the average American woman doesn't have to worry about too many clothes, but then . . .



Wide World

Extremely simple and effective is this model for home use only.



Acme

Madame Schiaparelli talks ultra-simplicity over with Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, noted as the best-dressed woman in England, where excellent severity has long been supreme.



Wide World

Typical Schiaparelli model for warmer weather and climates, in light cloth . . .



Wide World

And a winter outfit illustrating the value of simplicity carried out in heavy woollens.



Midweek Photos by Harold Monssen

The Blacksmith of Long Island

He Brings King Arthur Up to Date

Helmets, shields, swords and all the trimmings of ancient armor are produced by his twentieth century shop, one of the last to deal in the dying art.



IF you happen to have a suppressed yearning to return to the days of King Arthur, the man who can help you out as much as anyone is Kenneth Lynch, blacksmith of Long Island.

In a world dominated by streamlining and super-modernism, he contentedly spends his time turning out suits of armor. Whether or not King Arthur's Court would be pleased with Lynch's twentieth-century armor, present-day experts wax enthusiastic over it.

Allegedly there are but four armorers altogether in this country, and a mere handful abroad. Museums, private collectors, Hollywood, and those who claim descent from William the Conqueror or Napoleon are the

principal markets. Another reason for the scarcity of twentieth century armorers is the long training and highly developed skill required for the work.

It was not easy for Lynch to reach top rank in his field. It took long years of study and practice. Like any boy, he used to read and dream about the knights of old. But in his case, King Arthur was coupled with the smithy; for his family for four hundred years had been blacksmiths, and Lynch planned for the profession from his youngest days. Today he carries on the family tradition. For \$800 to \$2500 he will knock out a suit of armor, but it will be apt to take him a couple of years to do it if the customer wants to have a say in every detail of design and pro-

duction. If the customer is willing to leave all up to Lynch, it will take only a fraction of the time.

Best of all customers is Hollywood, which placed huge orders with Lynch for such pictures as "Crusades" and "Cleopatra." But the armory side of his business is pretty uncertain. It varies from \$1000 to sixty or a hundred times that a year, and Lynch is glad to have the more stable and less romantic side of the business to fall back on.

For besides armor he produces every type of wrought iron work and prides himself on being a craftsman able to work in every metal from lead to gold. Much of his work is that of any intelligent executive, running his business and supervising his



Kenneth Lynch, master worker in metals and armor . . .



instructs an apprentice by showing how it's done,

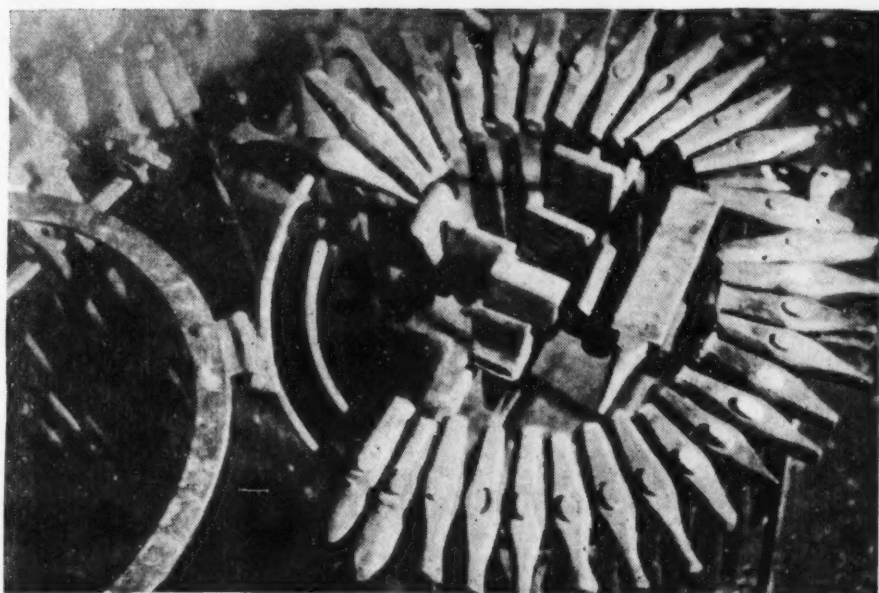


finishes a ticklish bit of work with gentle, final taps.



A long-tailed squirrel — high craftsmanship.

forty employees. Yet he manages to get into overalls every day and lend a hand in the shop itself. In addition to the employees, he has a dozen apprentices learning the finer points of the art. They are stalwart young fellows, carefully picked from the two or three thousand who apply every year. They have to go through a rigorous course of training lasting from one to four years, depending on how far they want to go in the business and how good they want to be. The one apprentice who is studying up on armory—the business is too small for more than one to be taught—will spend eight years learning about it. Lynch is extremely proud of the youngsters and gives a lot of attention to their instruction, for he counts on them to carry on the work at its highest levels of art and craftsmanship.



All sizes, shapes and weights to make dependable, bendable, well-fitting suits.



The blacksmith turns executive to make an old art pay in a new day,



personifies the craftsman in the age of factory-belts.



Carefully picked from hundreds of applicants, a dozen apprentices get rigorous training in an almost lost art. The work is interesting and challenging to the boys.



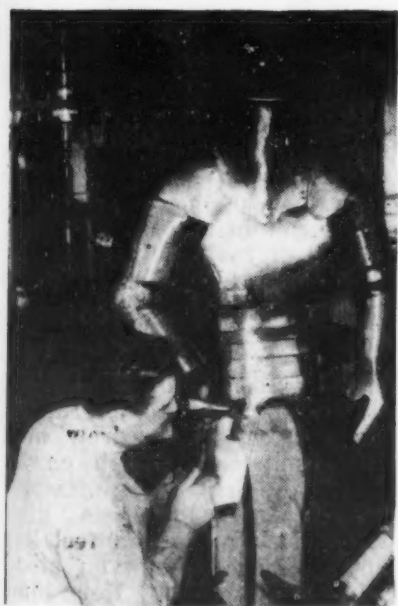
In a short time they learn that the brain is as important as brawn in work that requires a knowledge of history, art, and the sciences of metallurgy and thermo-dynamics.



In classrooms they learn what their generation has forgot, of chivalry in terms of metal, of jousting and the iron mask.

The rest of the Lynch family, all of his four brothers have gone in for higher-class, white collar work. One is a doctor in hospital work, one a student, and two are Jesuit priests—one of whom teaches in a Philippine Islands college. Kenneth Lynch alone carries on the family tradition. The older Lynches who were smiths have all retired by now, and as far as the family goes, Kenneth has the field to himself.

Very seldom does a horse put in an appearance at Kenneth Lynch's blacksmithery. When it does, it is usually a raring Hollywood stallion, prancing in with polished hooves. But this is no disloyalty to the profession. From the time of Chretien de Troyes, Malory, and more lately Mark Twain and Howard Pyle, blacksmiths have spurned shoes to deal in coats of mail.



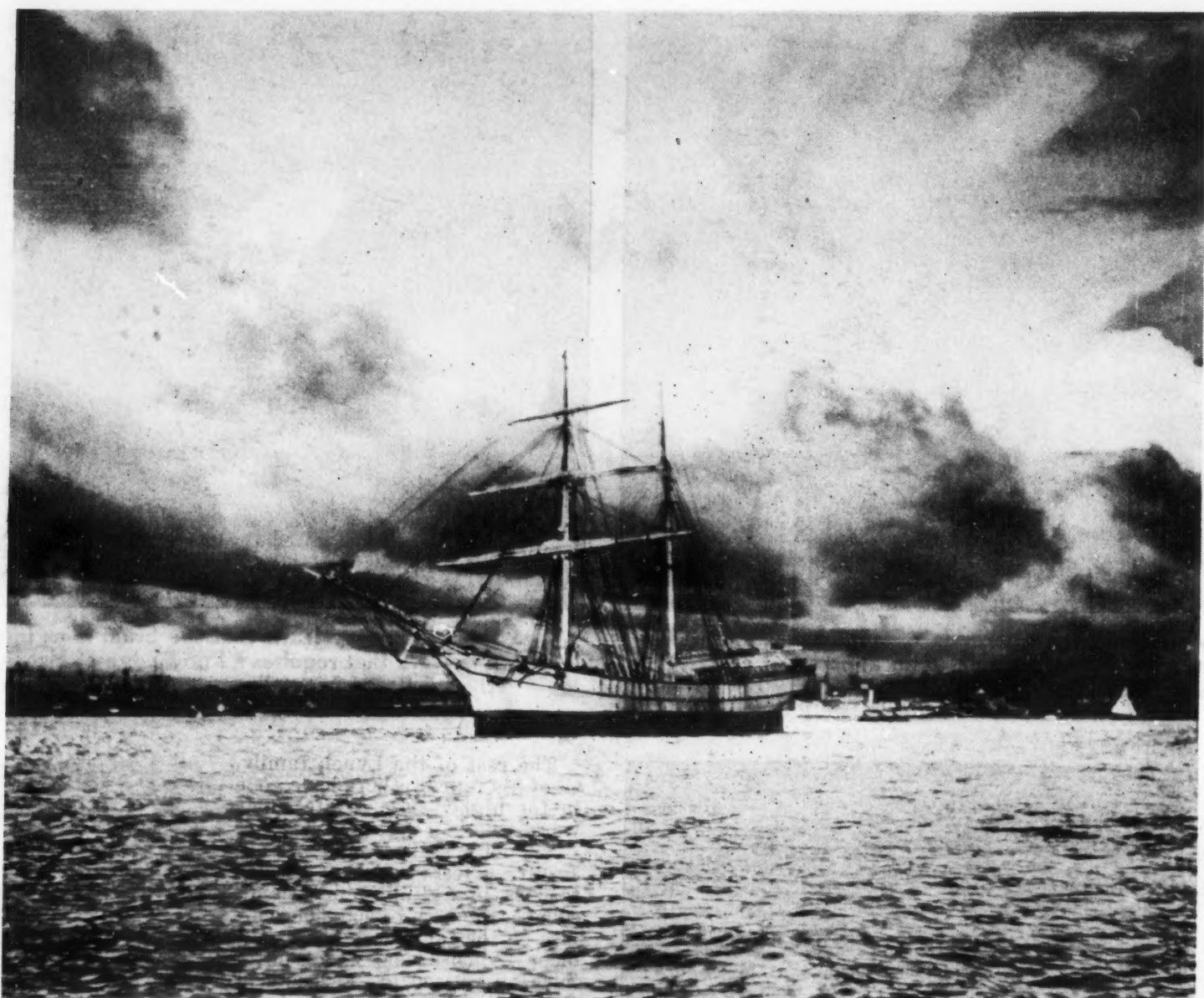
Mr. Lynch tackles a suit of twentieth century armor.



One of the finished suits of armor is demonstrated with the aid of a decidedly up-to-date saddle.



The result of long patience and hard work.



(All photos by the author)
The Dream Ship, a Jaffna schooner called Annapooranyamal, anchored peacefully, just as I found it.

In Which I Find My Dream Ship

By William Albert Robinson

IT IS a long story, all that has taken place since I sent back the last installment. I have been so constantly on the move that writing has been out of the question. In three weeks I covered an astounding amount of territory on the quest for my dream ship, exploring small ports by day, travelling by car or train by night, to the next place. I began to feel like a traveling salesman.

There are a dozen or so small ports in the northern province of Ceylon and on the coasts of southern India, where the square-rigged sailing vessels belong. Two or three days after reaching Colombo, we set out by car for the north, with the bare essentials of travel in the east: bedding, mosquito net, and bottled water. A fast, all-day drive

over quite good roads brought us to the northernmost tip of Ceylon, where we established ourselves in a rest house at Kankasanturai, a clean limestone building on the sea beside a lighthouse that flashed all night into my bedroom. The newly born northeast monsoon blew fresh and cool from across the Bay of Bengal. I was exhausted, but too excited to sleep and tossed restlessly all night beneath my net.

I found the ship I really wanted to buy the very next day in the first harbor we visited. Kaits is an island in Palk Strait, which separates Ceylon and India. A little ferry, which pulls itself back and forth on a cable by man power between the mainland and the island, took us and the car across to Kaits. An-

chored there in the strait lay a little fleet of square-riggers, the most welcome sight I had seen since leaving New York.

I had been greeted in Ceylon with discouraging news. The native brigs, they said, were dying out. I would be lucky if I found one anywhere under twenty years old. Several of the best ones, and probably the particular one I was hunting for, had been lost recently in a bad cyclone on the Bay of Bengal. Things looked very black for my long laid plans.

But here, peacefully anchored behind Kaits, were six or eight of them at once. My hopes were re-kindled only to be destroyed a little later. For when I was rowed out to the anchorage I found them to be all too old—much too old. That is, all ex-

cept one. I had picked her out at once, for she looked better kept than the others. And so the Annapooranyamal, for so she was called, was the first vessel I set foot upon. She was a seventy-ton brigantine, strongly built all of teak, only six years old. She was larger than I really wanted, but I realized by now that it was going to be difficult to find exactly what I had expected. She measured eighty feet from stem to sternpost, nineteen feet beam, drew nine feet when loaded with cargo, and had the lines of a nineteenth century naval brig. A high quarter-deck made you feel like Captain Bligh when you stood beside the wheel. Her bluff bows even looked like the Bounty. In every way she was a ship that could go anywhere safely.

The author, after searching the world for his dream ship, finds it off Ceylon. On it he will once more sail around the earth, with a native crew that has never seen any world but their own.

I could see her changed from a dirty cargo carrier into something fine and beautiful. Those worn and patched sails replaced by strong new ones. That smoky box on deck that served as galley turned into a fine teak deck-house, and the cockroach-ridden hold into roomy cabins. The whole plan was clear in my mind. I knew exactly what I could do with her, and I knew I could find no finer ship.

The blow that followed was bitter and discouraging. The owners, a prosperous firm of Indian traders in Jaffna, refused to consider selling her. I offered them what it would cost to have a brand new one built. It was worth that to me, for I had learned that she was the *only* one built in recent years. Even this offer was turned down which was rather astounding, because the small coastal steamers were taking so much of the trade away that not one of the remaining square-riggers was actually making a profit. Her owners preferred to keep her out of sentiment, I was informed. This I found hard to believe of shrewd Hindu merchants. Only by chance did I overhear the real reason: the same old spectre of war, which I hate so. During the last war all the ship-owners had reaped a golden harvest, when ships were so scarce and the need so great. With their Oriental suspicion they believed that the unprecedented case of a white man wanting to buy one of these vessels could mean only one thing: inside information that another great war was about to start, which meant they would all make great profit from their vessels once more.

So fanciful a tale as my having come all the way from America to buy such a ship because I wanted it for adventure, for long ocean voyages of non-commercial nature, was simply unbelievable. These Americans were certainly poor liars, I could see them thinking, and the answer "No" was given with great finality.

I had put great hopes in Kaits, for it was known to be the most important center for these sailing ships. If I could find nothing here, there was little chance of doing so elsewhere. Feeling utterly discouraged and hopeless I set out on a weary pilgrimage from port to port, all over northern Ceylon, then across to India to repeat the process, determined to leave no stone unturned. But before I left Kaits I sent to Colombo for copies of my books, and early issues of the new *Midweek Pictorial* magazine with my story in it, with a futile hope of convincing the owners of the Annapooranyamal that I really did want the vessel for the queer purpose I had explained, and that there was no war or any other ulterior motive behind it all.

I have never spent a more weary two weeks than those which followed. Having searched

all the Ceylon ports without success we finally arrived at Talaimannar to take the little steamer across to India, only two hours distant. India and Ceylon are almost connected by Adams Bridge, an interminably long finger of sand spits and shoals that reach out toward each other as if trying to connect the two lands. The railroad creeps miles out along the narrow sand dunes which in stormy weather must be completely washed over by the sea, until it reaches the end, where only a few miles of shoal-infested water need to be crossed by boat.

Here at Talaimannar I sent back the car, glad to get rid of it, for the driver was a sadist of the worst order. He delighted in running over any form of life he could find in the road. It was evidently a sort of code with him to have a try at anything within reasonable distance. Our route could easily have been followed by the trail of chickens, dogs, and so on that we left behind us in the road. He even ran over a small cow once, when I was dozing and had let up on my "back seat driving" for a while. Elephants were too much for him though, and he refused to drive at night on account of them. They came out on the road then, he said, to get away from the mosquitos in the jungle. When I dismissed him that evening at the ferry landing, a barren remote spot that looked a hundred miles from anywhere, he preferred to camp there in that desolation than drive back over the road at night. "Elephant trouble," he explained.

In India, I eliminated possibility after possibility, spending hot sweaty days rowing about harbors or interviewing ship-owners. I rarely saw a white man. Nights we travelled by train from place to place. In one night we changed trains three times between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. to get to a place fifty miles away.

As our train pulled out for Madura one day, I bought a paper and read the cheerful news of cholera in Madura, where I had to wait for a connection from 7:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. Connections were invariably in the small hours of the morning. 1796 cases of cholera during the week for the Madras district, Madura being one of the chief centers of infection. Also plague, 19 cases. These Oriental diseases are so much more terrible than others. I could not wait to get back to Ceylon which, compared to India, is relatively healthy.

The Madura region, unhealthy though it was, was lovely to travel through, with vast irrigation systems and terraced paddy fields. The reflections and colorings were unbelievably beautiful. Many of the rice fields were flooded, with the delicate green shoots just showing. Others nearby were golden with prolific crops. Beyond Madura, gradu-

(Continued on page 34)



Hill Station near Madura, where the monkeys almost got away with my camera.



The little ferry at the north end of Ceylon that took me from the mainland of India to Ceylon and the Annapooranyamal.



Rice fields of the Southern Indian countryside. This picture was taken while the train was in motion.

Sweet Abuses of Publicity

Resort press agents lose sleep trying to think up strange excuses for posing pretty girls.
[Oddly enough, they get results.]

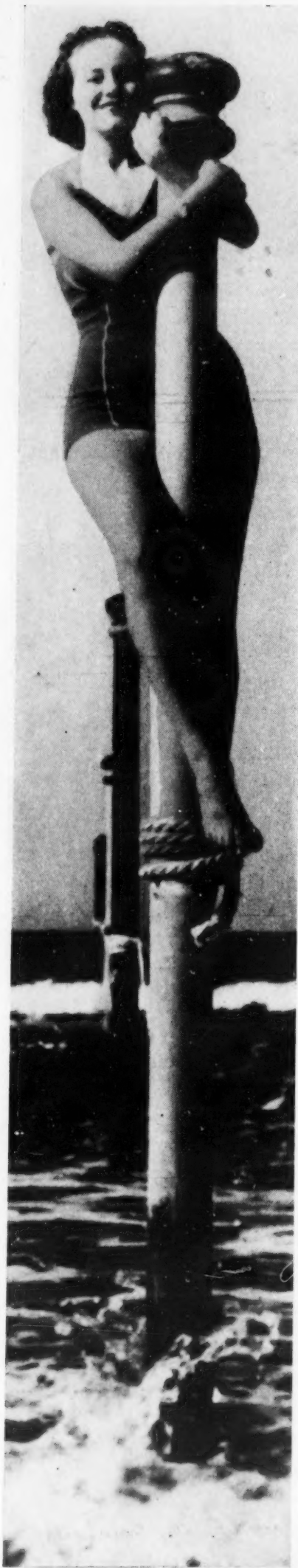
TO use, or not to use? That was the question faced by the photo editor when he was confronted by these pictures. Even to the layman's unpractised eye it must be obvious that there is something suspicious, not to say phony, about the poses and toothy smiles of the winsome lassies on these

pages. Even in Florida and California, where we long ago ceased being surprised at anything, we doubt whether a cameraman can go out for a casual stroll and encounter such visions. Of course, it is obvious that the girl on the mooring mast, or whatever it is, cannot swim. She went wading and got out beyond her

depth just as the tide turned, and had to climb up the pole to escape the raging waters. Now, as the rescue party arrives, she is smiling shamefacedly at her predicament. At least, that's what the caption said.

There is some ambiguity about the little lady in the striped shirt, who apparently set out for a couple of hours of tennis but changed her mind at the last minute and decided to lead the charge of the light brigade instead, and in the next picture we encounter a genuine paradox. This young sportswoman thinks she is going to get some deep-sea fishing, but she is in for a rude awakening. We'd just like to see her face when she lands a half-ton swordfish and tries to stuff him into that little basket. It can't be done, my pretty.

Over on the next page we come right down to earth with some of the familiar sights which greet the visitor to Florida every time he gets his eyes open. The young woman in the white bathing suit—we don't



Acme

The end of this story finds Doris Pert above water level in Miami Beach.



International

It's a racket. Nan Grey goes after a high one at Lake Arrowhead, Hollywood.



Acme

Chicago Sue Fondrei angles for big fish and probably gets them at Tahiti Beach.

know whether she's actually young, but there's no question about her gender—is curtly described as a “debutante,” so we'll let it go at that. Similarly, we won't waste much time on the creature in the upper right. She is one of the landmarks at Coral Gables, and has been leaning against that tree for years.

To grasp the significance of the fair archers down below, it is necessary to delve into the history of Miami Beach, but since no one wants to do that, we can only surmise that they belong to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the local defense committee. It is well known that the Okechobee Indians raid Miami every second Wednesday during the winter, or tourist, months, but the Florida chapter of the Audubon Society has declared that it

is unsporting to shoot the redskins with any but their own weapons.

Of course, there is still another possibility, which is that all these pictures may have been sent out by publicity agents in the pay of various states and municipalities. A pretty girl being worth a thousand words, resorts are prone to pose their imported or domestic Venuses against their choicest backgrounds, in an attempt to give the impression that they have a monopoly on both pulchritude and scenery. The thing has got to the point now where it is difficult to imagine any business or activity of any kind in Florida or Southern California which is not carried on exclusively by girls in their early twenties. Strangely enough, this kind of publicity is more effective than any other, and draws so much business to the resorts that in a number of cities high school girls are excused from classes any day the press agent wants to make more bathing-beauty shots.



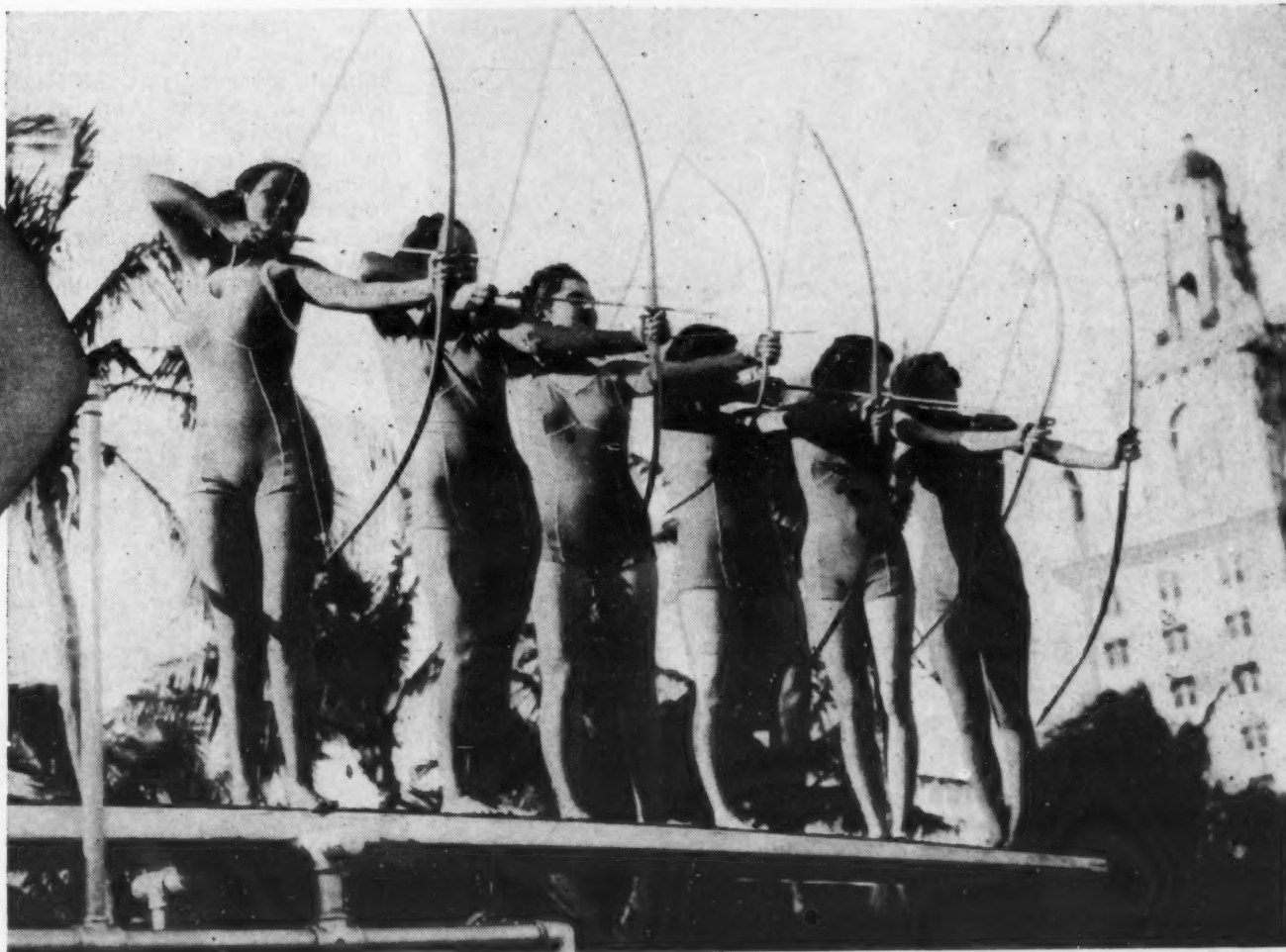
Exclusive

Pretty Peggy Shields, in practically nothing, does her duty for an amorous camera.



International

“Miss 1937 Swim for Health Queen,” alias Betty Williams.



Exclusive

Members of the B. V. D. Swim Club at Miami, these archers practice at the Everglades Club. Just a casual reminder of the weather (yes, weather!) in Miami.



Photos by Wide World

Carlo Morelli, Italian baritone, Vina Bovy, Belgian soprano, Lawrence Tibbett, American baritone, practising up on Wagner, the German operatic genius.



And Arthur Bodansky tensely conducts in his shirtsleeves.

Wagner in Modern Dress

Rehearsal scenes for the great Wagner revival at the Metropolitan found the stars in their street clothes, but the spirit of the great German composer was much felt throughout.



Dr. Herbert Graf showing the "Samson et Dalila" cast some of the finer points of acting technique in rehearsal.

THE return of Wagner to opera stages coincides neatly with the return of glitter to the Diamond Horseshoe. For years and years, Wagner has been a dubious attraction at the Metropolitan box-office. And in spite of the intrusion of the horrid mundane, the persistence of opera depends on cash, even as you and I. 1936 put opera back on people's subscription lists, and snatched the roaring old German up from the submarginal to the sublime.

Part of the trouble, of course, has lain with the linguistic hur-

dles that the great Italian singers have had to put their diaphragms over in order to finish the course even with the German language. Caruso could never handle Wagner, for this reason. Flagstad, Rethberg, and Melchior all handle it successfully.

So into rehearsal swung "Die Walküre," preparing for the first Metropolitan Wagner opening in thirty-four years. Director Edward Johnson led the bursts of stormy passion, the crises of feeling, into carefully created channels, and the Wagner season opened.



Rehearsal scene for the opening opera, "Die Walküre," complete with costumed chorus and martial music.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



Kirsten Flagstad (left) and Kersten Thorborg rehearsing "Tristan und Isolde" with dramatic fervor.



Rehearsal scene of "Samson et Dalila" showing Gertrud Wettergren, Rene Maison, and a few of the appealing operatic chorines who provide a lively background.



Choral once-over of a scene from "The Flying Dutchman" supervised by stage director Leopold Sachse.



Aha! the ballet weaves its patterns for "Samson et Dalila," clad in just what it happens to have on.

The Theatre of the Moment

By George Jean Nathan

EVERY other season or so there comes into the theatre a play dealing with a household that is fantastically loony. One year it is *March Hares*, another it is *Hay Fever*, still another it is *Three-Cornered Moon*, and another still it is *Star Spangled*. This year it is *You Can't Take It With You*. Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman are the authors, and their version is one of the most amusing of the series. In point of fact, with the possible exception of *March Hares*, it is far and away the best of the lot. In addition to the genial warmth of much of its humor, it contains something that other plays of the species have not, to wit, a leaven of droll philosophy that gives the whole thing an added bounce and body. And—this is the applause cue—it is free from those forced Algonquips and wisecracks that have frequently come to be associated with plays in which Mr. Kaufman has had a hand.

The exhibit retails the antics of a ménage that embraces a grandfather who quit work thirty-five years ago because it interfered with his leisure and who declines to pay the Federal income tax because he doesn't believe in it; a fat female who writes plays for no other reason than that someone happened to leave a typewriter at the house some years before by mistake; an iceman who delivered the daily ice six years ago and decided to stay on as a member of the family; a Russian dancing teacher who, upon being asked his opinion on almost any manifestation of human or artistic endeavor, loftily replies that it stinks; a lad who alternately plays the xylophone and operates an adjacent hand printing press; and a further assortment of lush nuts, including an actress who, when playing, absolutely refuses to touch a drink except during the intermissions, a granddaughter whose ambition it is to be a toe dancer, a Negro servant who registers himself as one of the family, and a Russian grand duchess who, since the family somehow never get around to it, does the household's cooking. What happens in this squirrel cage it would be as futile to attempt to describe as it would be to set down in intelligible print the metaphysic of the late Hon. Mr. Zioncheck.

The exhibit, though its net impression is surely all to the good, is not without its weaker moments. This, however, is doubtless inevitable in any such play whose fabric is a steadily

tangled skein of lunacy. Thus, the box of snakes which the grandfather keeps in the family living-room leads obviously up to the moment when the drunken actress will imagine, with a loud cry of alarm, that she is seeing things. Thus we are treated—rather surprisingly in view of the freshness of most of the author's humor—to the mothy jocosity of the Russian grand duchess who works at Childs, who hopes ambitiously to be promoted to the swell East 58th Street branch, and who then dreams of landing at Schrafft's. Thus, too, we find tiresomely overdone the business of the toe-dancing granddaughter's intermittent exercises in the bosom of the family, the routine calf love story of the routine juvenile and ingénue, and a few other such ingredients. And certainly the joke about being a member of the National Geographic Society has an odor to it by this time. But these flaws are forgivable in what in the aggregate is a very funny and here and there even tenderly touching play.

The company delivers some capital performances. Henry Travers, as the grandfather, Frank Conlan as the former iceman, George Tobias as the Russian, Anna Lubow as the grand duchess, Mitzi Hajos as the inebriated actress,—in fact the whole troupe, with maybe but one or two exceptions, could hardly be improved upon.

The exhibit, in short, may constitute a sometimes up and down theatrical evening, but the ups have it by a preponderant margin. So put in your order for seats.

Lillian Hellman's *Days To Come*, to make it critically unanimous, was a great disappointment. Much was expected of the author after *The Children's Hour*, and she did little in her second play to stimulate her thumb-pullers. But even had she done considerably more, Herman Shumlin's stage direction would have made it go largely for naught. We have engaged some misguided staging hereabouts in past days, but Mr. Shumlin's on this occasion got not only the tin cup but the black ribbon to boot. What he did to the Hellman script would have wrecked a play one hundred times better.

Taking for her theme the venerable struggle between capital and labor, the author attempted to show the tragedy wrought by the conflict on a group of individuals in a small Mid-Western

town, as well as on the town itself. Her dramaturgy was so aberrant and involved, however, that it was at times difficult to make out whether she was intent upon a capital-labor drama or upon a gangster melodrama, a Henry Arthur Jones problem play, or what not else. After a first act that stated her premise with a fair clarity, she proceeded promptly to stage a three-ring circus that confused everyone, including herself, and that distracted the attention from any focal point she may originally have had in view. She wasted a whole third of an act on some murder monkey-business that smelled suspiciously of an eye to a movie sale; she introduced a venomous spinster who seemed to have wandered aimlessly out of *The Children's Hour* company and to have got into the wrong theatre; she toted in, toward the conclusion, a scene between the cheating wife and her feeble husband that fitted the play like someone's else hat; and she otherwise so departed from the straight line of her thesis that the evening gradually took on the impression of a revue made up of ill-assorted snatches of Hauptmann's *The Weavers*, Galsworthy's *Strife*, the *Public Enemy* and *Scarface* films, the Nance O'Neil act from Belasco's old production of *The Lily*, and several of the sourer 1895 English sex problem plays. Now and again, one got a flash of Miss Hellman's sharp understanding and perception; now and then, too, a faint flash of her former keen writing illuminated the scene; but on the whole the exhibit registered only a rotund zero.

I have mentioned the Shumlin direction. You must have seen it to believe it. He directed the play generally as if it were a wreath on a damp tombstone, and he caused his actors to approach each and every line of dialogue as if it were a poisonous rattlesnake waiting to get in its dirty work. No one was permitted to speak simply, easily, naturally, with the single exception of Charles Dingle in the role of the master strikebreaker, and it was dollars to doughnuts that Mr. Dingle took matters into his own hands on the opening night, deliberately dismissed Mr. Shumlin's direction, and undertook to speak his lines with some intelligence and common sense. The rest of the company, duly obeying Mr. Shumlin, rendered their speeches as if they were all about to die momentarily of sudden strokes of apo-

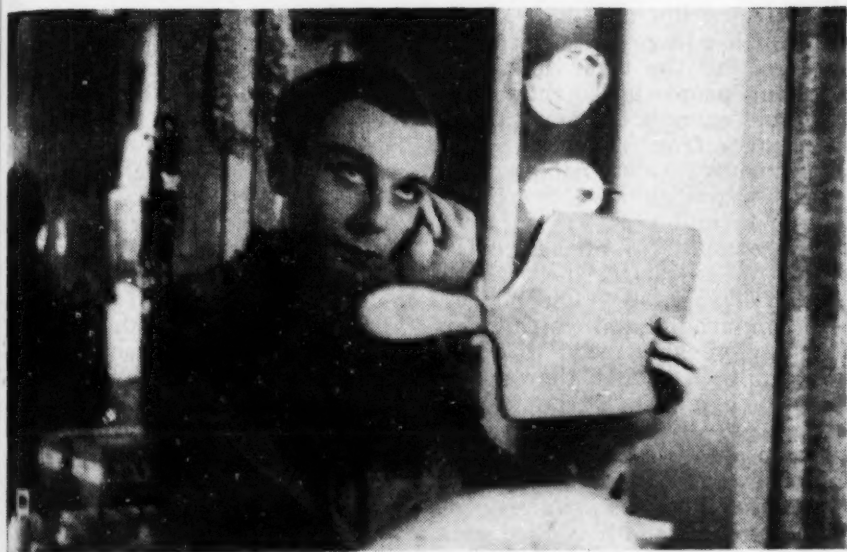
plexy, and were terribly worried about their wills. In addition, some of the postures ordered by Mr. Shumlin were close to burlesque, particularly in the instance of Florence Eldridge who, in the final act, was made to take her position down stage and alternately gaze fixedly at the audience and at the balcony, for all the world as if she smelled smoke, or worse. As the bitter and acidulous spinster, Frieda Altman was instructed to comport herself like a mario-nette sitting in a pail of lime juice; as the deceitful friend of the family, an actor named Wever was directed to mosey about the stage like Frank Conroy suffering from a severe cramp; and, as the capitalist-husband, William Harrigan (still wearing that same brown suit) conducted himself like the severe cramp minus Mr. Conroy. Joseph Sweeney, a good actor, like Mr. Dingle also seemed at one period to be telling his director to go to hell and managed, as a result, to do at least one scene well.

Brother Rat, a comedy about the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute by the MM. Monks, Jr., and Finklehoffe, both aged twenty-six, will undoubtedly have Ruby Keeler and a big Busby Berkeley number showing five hundred boys and girls promenading in lovers' lane after the commencement exercises when it duly reaches the screen, and it will profit by them. In the theatre, it is a rather stale and excessively nursery item that sounds like Archibald Clavering Gunter (remember him?) being read aloud at Dinty Moore's. George Abbott has produced, cast and directed it with his customary aptness in these instances of the lesser drama, but—for all an exuberantly friendly opening night audience that began to applaud when it gave in its tickets at the door and kept it up throughout the evening and for all the favorable impression both the audience and the play made on the gentlemen of the press—the fellow who is paid to look out for you on this page allows he can't see much entertainment in it. However, if you are still at the age where *Mary Poppins*, the works of A. A. Milne and banana splits are your idea of a fine, substantial diet, pay no attention to him. He is probably just an old fogey who wants his kid plays written by someone like Booth Tarkington or, better still, by Karl Schoenherr or Frank Wedekind, God help him.

Leslie and John in Agony

Simultaneous Hamlets have been New York's greatest stage attraction this season—Gielgud plays on, Howard tours Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Texas and the South-West and on to California.

Midweek Photos



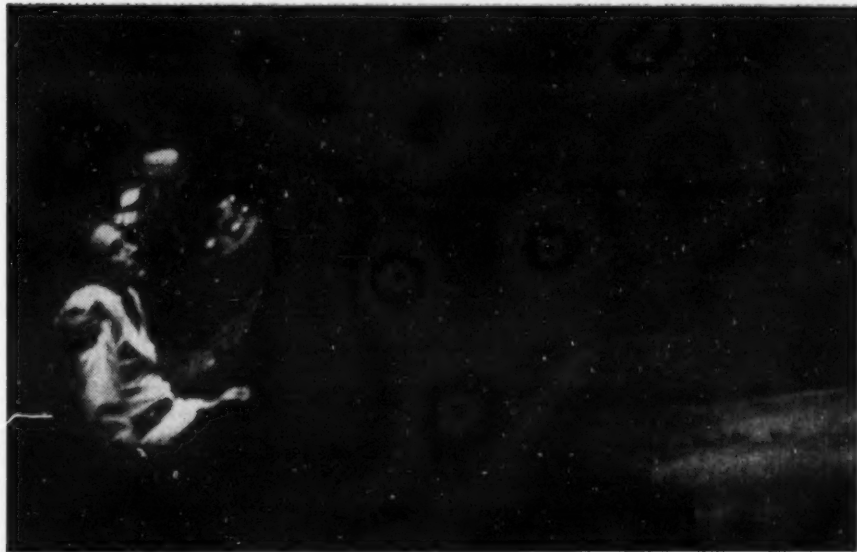
John Gielgud, hawklike, addresses his mirror.



Leslie Howard looks at himself with tender familiarity.



Hamlet: "O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a daughter hadst thou!"



Hamlet: "The rest is silence."
Horatio: "Now cracks a noble heart."



King: "What do you call the play?"
Hamlet: "The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically."



Player: "None weds the second but who killed the first."
Hamlet: "Wormwood, wormwood."

Movie Stuff and Stuffings

JAMES CAGNEY has returned to the films as the Bureau of Weights and Measures. This disguise of Mr. Cagney's is preferable to that of, shall we say, the Dock Department or the Audit Bureau of Circulation, but hardly in the tradition of Public Enemy or Jimmy the Gent. Being so serious and civic an organization as the Bureau of Weights and Measures, which devotes itself to policing the scales and weigh-machines of the big city, would handicap any actor with Mr. Cagney's punch and drive. On learning that Mr. Cagney selected the story of "Great Guy" himself as his initial job for Grand National Films, one can only coddle the hope that in the future Mr. Cagney does not decide to act the part of Mr. La Guardia's Anti-Noise Committee.

"Great Guy" is adapted from the "Johnny Cave" stories run serially in the Saturday Evening Post, and directed by John G. Blystone. Mr. Cagney is the Mr. Johnny Cave, the ex-pugilist who has, unaccountably, wandered into the Department of Weights and Measures, at the moment engaged in battling the weighing-machine racket in a big city. The racket is governed by a Marty Cavanaugh, a dyspeptic ward-heeler, and "brained" by Abel Canning, a philanthropic gangster with a Wall Street front. The Mayor is a political tool, storekeepers fleece their customers, holdups are committed in City Hall, department executives are mangled in "accidents," Mr. Cagney gets himself pushed around and conked by three of Mr. Canning's henchmen, affidavits containing evidence of the rackets are hijacked, there are exactly four honest people in sight, Mr. Cagney, of course, being one, the others, Miss Mae Clarke, his sweetie, Chief of Police Hanlin, and the matron of an orphan asylum. However, Mr. Cagney, in his darkest hour, when his career as the Bureau of Weights and Measures and his marriage to Miss Clarke both seem on the point of disintegrating, finally manages to put the finger and get the goods on the affable rat, Mr. Canning, and to knock the dyspeptic Mr. Cavanaugh through half a dozen windows, a few tables, and across a sofa, while Police Chief Hanlin stands outside the locked door observing philosophically, "I'll bust this door down just as soon as I finish my cigar."

I don't know whether Mr. Cagney has decided to reform himself for the movies, or not. Perhaps he has seriously considered that his portrayal of the blistering gangsters of his early films are insufficient documents against the evils of our times. That may account for the fact that he elected to play the Bureau of Weights and Measures, and deliver the city's housewives

from a horde of crooks and amiable thieves. Mr. Cagney is on the side of the consumers and justice. Which is all fine, and the consumers have a hero they can ill afford to lose, but if Mr. Cagney is going to play the honest crusader it might be a good idea to let some one else choose his stories. "Great Guy" is what Jimmy Cagney is, all right, on the screen or off, but a little less virtue and a little more script would help along those of us who would like to see Mr. Cagney as the cinematic champion of the bottom dog, who is also worth watching.

Banjo on My Knee Twentieth Century Fox

This is Mr. Darryl Zanuck's contribution to American folklore. Instead of being Way Down East, or Way Down South, this one is Way Down Upon the Mississippi River, with Hollywood casting half-a-dozen beards, a couple of shanty-boats, and the Mississippi River along with Joel McCrae and Barbara Stanwyck for the major roles.

It seems that one night Ernie (Joel McCrae) brought himself home a little lass from the city, a girl-woman with goldy hair, she had, Pearl's the name, folks (Barbara Stanwyck), who'd been out hiring herself to folks in town as a servant girl. Ernie, he'd fixed it to get himself married right here amongst his own folks, the shanty boat people, who'd be dogblamed they'd ever go ashore and lead that thar dry life of landlubbers. Grandpappy Newt, he allus did want himself a grand-baby, and he reckoned that nigh on twenty years he'd been a-saving up one ole sweet tune, yes, sir, just the sweetest piece of music human ears ever did hear, for the wedding night. Yes, sir, it's that little ole St. Louis Woman Grandpappy Newt had been saving up behind his whiskers for a-playing on that thar wedding night, but dogblast it if wedding night

didn't get plumb bust up by a dadblamed critter from the city who'd come and chucked him a kiss from the bride and Ernie just hadda go and slambang that dogeared jacknit clean into the river, and goshbanged if that dumb critter didn't go and almost drown his fool self. Waal, with such goings-on just topsy-turvyng all the river folk, and a-mixing people up so they ain't got time enough to even take a little swig from a jug of corn, Grandpappy Newt hadda wait himself through seven reels of goings-on and pick up bag and baggage and row himself clear down to New Orleans, where the Hall Johnson choir was a-setting around and waiting for Grandpappy and Pearl to show up to sing 'em that thar sweet ole piece of music, St. Louis Woman, afore Grandpappy, with his contraption, which is like no piece of music seen this side of Heaven, could get his family together so he could play St. Louis Woman for that thar on-coming grand-baby of his'n. And I'll be dogblatted if the Mississippi River didn't just kick itself up into the consarndest uproar and almost wash the whole shebang clean to hell and gone afore even this could a-happen. My lands, Grandpappy Newt, enough happened to him to make telling for nigh on twenty year to come. "Folks," Grandpappy will be a-saying on the river, "did I ever tell you about that thar consarned city-critter, Darryl Zanuck, and what he come and done to this hyar river life of urn? Waal, it seems. . ."

The Man Who Lived Again Gaumont-British

Bogeyman Boris, the only living competitor of Castoria, returns in a British scare-me about a scientist who, delving deep into the occult mysteries of life, discovers the principle of transmitting the souls of mice and men to different bodies. Gloomy, gray-haired Professor

Lawrence, attended by the blondest secretary ever to walk into a laboratory, Mr. Karloff demonstrates how a frown and a little technical ingenuity can accomplish the miracle of lifting the soul out of the hairy carcass of one ape and transmit it into the chest of another. What comes after that? We fooled you, because Boris really gets his chance to work his diablerie on a HUMAN, and with fiendish skill sucks the soul from wherever it is in the body of a Lord Haslewood into the body of a paralytic patient. At this point, the story takes a quaint and ironic turn, for we are given a lefthanded piece of satire on a newspaper publisher, Lord Haslewood, who resembles the Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks of the English press. Lost somewhere in the film is a commentary on the technique of newspaper exploitation of science, and patronage of experiment for notoriety's sake.

Miss Anna Lee is the blonde laboratory assistant who turns on the juice at the right moment to suction her boy friend Dick's soul back out of Karloff's shoes, while John Loder is the gentleman to whom the suctioning is done. "The Man Who Lived Again" restores Mr. Karloff to his lisping diabolic best.

Janosik French Motion Pictures

Janosik is a Bohemian folk-hero, a Czechoslovakian Robin Hood, who engineers a series of legendary assaults on the brutal feudal serf-owners, raids their house parties, makes fools of their guards, eats their food and scatters their gold among the peasantry, dances with his bandits on the scarped slopes of the mountains, sings like a mountain god, loves a village maiden, and is executed by hanging on an iron hook after his followers have been captured through the betrayal that climaxes the lore of the heroes of all folk memories. Janosik's story, which is a kin of Stenka Razin's, but lacking some of the feudal splendor of Razin's princess, and which in its cinema version is almost a duplicate of a Soviet Ukrainian film called "By Fire and Smoke" which ran here about three years ago, is movingly and swiftly told in this film which has been awarded a cinema prize in its own land. The photography captures the peasant landscapes in beautiful frames, and the characterizations of the peasants are graphically drawn. Customs and costumes of the eighteenth century, in which the story is laid, are never exploited for picturesque effect, but colorfully knitted into the rich texture of the film. Mac Fric's direction is excellent.

—ALFRED HAYES



Doris Nolan, gone Hollywood, in "Top of the Town."

The Banjola — Folk Dance a la Hollywood

Performed by Barbara Stanwyck and Buddy Ebsen

Take three swigs of ripe corn, buy yourself a Mississippi shanty-boat, hook up your suspenders, then dance this in your front parlor . . .



Position One: Lady shoves out her left hoof, gent his right as they stand back to back . . .

Position Two: Heaves her left tootsie up, leads with her left mitt, while gink swings in half turn.

Position Three: Hereabouts, one step forward, then count one, then glide right foot up to left.



Position Four: Gent swings right clod-hopper backwards as the girl faces him, mug to mug.

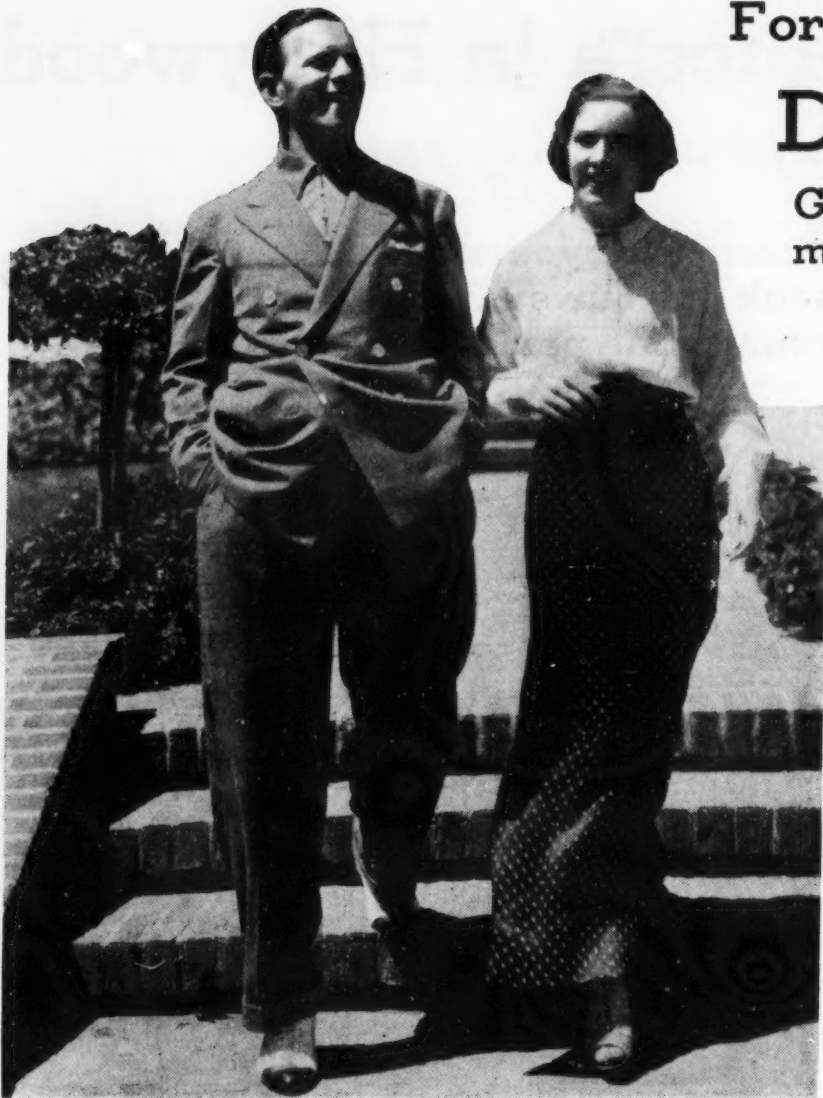
Position Five: Cross left foot over right, step left with right, then cross left over right. Repeat.

Position Six: Do a break. Guy shuffles right foot backwards and forwards. Then buy yourself a stiff drink.

For Radio Fans Only—

Don't You Think So?

George and Gracie built their first home, moved in, and left the next day for New York.



Oh Gawge, if I could only read I'd know what those people were saying about us!

LATEST DOPE FROM HOLLYWOOD —Gracie Allen is visiting here in New York. Accompanying her is husband and straight man George Burns and the cast of their Wednesday night CBS broadcasts.

Gracie Allen is a bright young lady who has struggled for years to be known as the moron of the microphone. Any of the radio roles she plays could be performed under the title of "Idiot's Delight." Her fantastic absurdities, her bewildered and confused descriptions of her numerous relatives lead one to believe that she is the zaniest of the zanies. But you wouldn't believe it to look at her.

One of the best dressed women from Hollywood, she could play ingenue roles in the movies and make a go of it. On a recent air program George asked her if she thought her face was her fortune. "Yeah," answered Gracie, "and it runs into a nice figure, don't you think so?"

George's apoplectic outbursts are confined to their microphone activities. At home they are a devoted couple who have been married ten years—establishing some sort of a record in this world of transient marital encounters.

They were born on opposite sides of the continent—Gracie in San Francisco and George in New York's East Side.

Gracie was educated in a Cali-

fornia convent after which training, she studied dancing with her sisters, with her father acting as maitre de danse. This was preliminary to a vaudeville act—the Allen Sisters—which debuted at the Hippodrome in San Francisco.

Although they had a perfectly co-ordinated dance routine, it appeared that the fates destined this slender, dark-eyed person as a comedienne, for in the midst of a kick Gracie lost her balance and fell, pulling her two sisters down with her. The audience roared. The second show brought a perfect performance, but the manager cancelled the act indignantly because there was no fall!

After several seasons with the Larry Reilly Company, a vaudeville act in which she played Irish colleen parts and in which she became the headline attraction, Gracie left the show because she was refused feature billing.

Jobs proved hard to obtain so she decided to give up the stage and entered a secretarial school to train for the post of stenographer.

With a friend she went to Union Hill, New Jersey, where the friend was trying out an act. Backstage, she met George Burns, then doing a song and dance act with Billy Lorraine as Burns and Lorraine. That started the career of the famous pair.

As for George, his first stage

performance had been at a New York political dinner with the Pee Wee Quartette, which three youngsters and himself had organized. They split five dollars afterwards.

After a few years of many-sided experience George teamed up with Sid Gary, who later became a star in his own right. After playing thirty weeks in small theatres, they finally hit the "big time." When they asked the manager for his opinion of their presentation he said, with discouraging frankness, "I think I'd rather have a nice piece of intermission."

After meeting Miss Allen, Burns dissolved his partnership with Lorraine and teamed with Gracie.

Since he had written the act, he made himself the comedian. Miss Allen asked the questions and he gave the funny answers. After the first show, he switched parts.

Miss Allen had been with the Reilly show so long that during the first season of the new Burns and Allen combination she couldn't drop her Irish brogue, so continued to use it. Later, she adopted her present successful characterization of the "dizzy" girl.

After four years as a team, Burns and Allen signed a unique contract with RKO theatres. It was for six years straight, and with the contract signed, they were married.

They continued to play throughout the country, with annual trips to Europe. During those six years they received a number of offers for Broadway stage shows but could not get a release from their long term vaudeville agreement. And—believe it or not—they started their radio act on the other side of the Atlantic. On one of their European jaunts they made their radio debut, appearing for fifteen weeks for the British Broadcasting Corporation.

During the latter part of 1930, George and Gracie made their first films in short subjects for Paramount, and at the termination of their RKO contract signed a film-stage agreement with Paramount.

While at the Palace, Eddie Cantor, who was on the same bill, asked Gracie to do five minutes with him on his radio program. She did and was so well liked that officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System suggested that the team try radio.

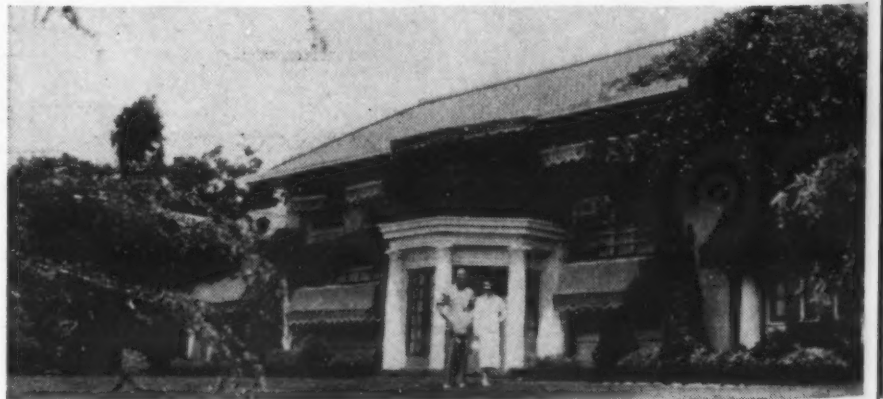
Following an early radio audition, one broadcasting official discouraged them. They only had thirteen minutes of material, he told them. Just a vaudeville routine. The insatiable maw of radio would quickly drive them to distraction searching for new ideas and material. They wouldn't last two weeks in radio.

To date, Burns and Allen have been on the air an average of 20 minutes a week, 52 weeks a year for more than five years. Their thirteen minutes of material have been stretched to approximately 5700 minutes on the air.

Their movie activities under the aegis of Paramount keep them busy in Hollywood at least half of the year—during which time they make three pictures. At present they are broadcasting regularly from the Coast and will do only another program from New York.

Constant travelling back and forth has little effect upon the Burnses who are old vaudeville troupers. Recently, however, they decided to build their own home near Hollywood, the first they ever owned. No more hotels, no more eating out for them. No more leases, landlords, et al.

The home was completed by Christmas. But the roving instincts of the vaudevillian are too strong with them. The day after Christmas they packed their bags, bolted the door and en-trained for New York.



The New Hollywood house of the two daffy gagsters who tried to play homing geese.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly

They Come to Hear and Be Heard

A radio audience listens in on a "jewel-by-jewel" description of what the Four Hundred wear at the opening performance of the Metropolitan season.

All photos by Haussler



N. B. C. gathers its forces and notes before going on the air during the second act intermission.



Obligato announcing by Ben Grauer and fashion "experting" by Betty Goodwin.



Crescendo in Fashion! Lily Pons appears in a daring gown. Rose Bampton and Richard Crooks are in the upper corner.



Since 1888 Alec Englander has "seen" all premieres with but one interruption due to illness. He is blind.



Francis J. Tate, Australian opera manager, peers into the "mike" as Ben Grauer introduces him.



A scene from the stage where "Die Walkure" was unfurled as the initial performance of the season.

Kazoola, the Cannibal.



Charlie, the Monkey.



Caspar, the Hero.



Mr. Leo, the Announcer.



Caspar in love.



(All photos by Dr. William Martin)
Woltmann and his creation.

Kids Trust Caspar

The puppet king and his playmates turn up in a new role now. At the Bellevue Hospital they help the children in the psychiatric wards.

ADULTS watching puppet shows may find nostalgic pleasure in the spectacle, but they see no logic, little humor, and a disturbing lack of inhibition in the rough-voiced, screaming antics of a hunchbacked little man and his hooded hoydenish spouse.

Yet Punch and Judy, Guignol, Punchinello, Caspar, Petrushka, and the other international puppet heroes persist and persist, living the same turbulent dramatic space, beating their way out of difficulties, using trickery, guile, and violence to get what they want, having incredible set-backs from sudden enemies, and coming out on top; one minute cracking each other's heads against the nearest lintel, the next croaking out the accents of gusty passion.

And always the childish audience takes the little man and his wife, and his pet, to its unburdened heart, suffers through the repetitiousness of elementary difficulties with a nice mixture of grief and aplomb, and seems to indicate a facile knowledge that *Life is Like That*.

It does no good for an anxious mother, watching Johnnie pipe encouragement to Caspar as he batters an alligator about the ears, to point out that it's not so. Johnnie just naturally knows that it is so.

And in a way, Johnnie is right, for Caspar and his kin have the absolute virtues of folklore; they represent the lowest common denominator, the man that lives in us all. Children see themselves in Caspar's tactlessly nat-

ural conduct and reactions. Besides, Caspar is a smart kid, he gets out of situations, he comes out on top, and if he gets a bawling out or worse, he should worry. He is equally forward about expressing love and aggression.

Occasionally children will get snarled up in what psychologists call a "behavior problem" where they are whirled in circles of alternating love and hate for their parents, or resent the birth of a younger child and take a direct but socially unacceptable method of showing it, or are victimized by sexually warped adults before they have any defenses, or seem to be unable to adjust themselves to some angle of the "civilizing" process.

From various sources these children have come to the Children's Ward of the Psychiatric Division of Bellevue Hospital, in New York City. Some 700 children are cared for every year. What the majority of them need is more than just release through action, it is an understanding of themselves in terms of the world around them.

To help the children help each

other, to get a revelation of motives from youngsters who are too young to express what they feel, Dr. Lauretta Bender and Mr. Adolf Woltmann called upon the Federal Works Administration to let them bring Caspar into the ward. He came, with his friend the monkey, his girl friend, his enemies the witch and the alligator, his mother, the cannibals; and the idea is fast proving its value. Children will shriek to encourage Caspar, and when asked to retell the tale will show unmistakably that they see Caspar as themselves, by changing small details to match their own case histories. The beloved Caspar who seems so witless is succeeding where rational parents fail; the children trust and love him wholeheartedly, and adults seeing the liberation that comes to a child who watches the puppets' cyclical repetition of accident and fortune come to feel that Caspar is probably nearer to the rhythm of living than they are.



Books in Review

American Adventure

"A New American History" is as swift and entertaining a narrative as "Gone With the Wind". W. E. Woodward has written a sort of truth behind history. For instance, did you know that John Smith probably never met Pocahontas? (At least she said she didn't know him and every time he told the story it was different); that Captain Kidd wasn't a pirate, but an unfortunate G-man of Pirates who was treacherously accused?

Mr. Woodward sees all around events and ideas and observes the tragedy in most people's not being able to do so: "One of the striking features of the history of all races and all nations is the inability of men to foresee the consequences of their actions. A young Yankee named Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin while he was a tutor on a Georgia plantation. It was a useful invention; he was proud of it, and justly so. But did he know that he had made civil war inevitable? Certainly not. And there was Commodore Perry. In the year 1853 he sailed into the harbor of Yokohama and forced the backward hermit nation of Japan to open its ports to the ships of the world and the ideas of the world, including the newest devices in machinery and armament. There was not a glimmer in his mind, or in the mind of the President who sent him, that he was giving birth to a world power that would be a problem to the generations yet to come."

One of the most interesting paragraphs has to do with the inception of our constitution. Mr. Woodward says: "The motivating spirit of the convention, not expressed but clearly understood—was to make the nation safe from democracy. 'The people' said Roger Sherman, 'should have as little to do as may be with government.' That assertion represents fairly the tone of the convention. But the finished work did not measure up fully to the aspirations behind it. The reason is, that without ratification by the states, the constitution would have been simply a worthless piece of paper. If the convention had produced a document in which wealth and land were flatly given a dominant position in national affairs, it would have been rejected by every state, with possibly one or two exceptions. That being the case cleverness was necessary—and the American Constitution is one of the cleverest state papers in the world's history."

This is a history not for historians, but for anyone who wants an exciting adventure story about the most interesting characters imaginable.

("A New American History." W. E. Woodward. Farrar and Rinehart. \$4.00.)

Gossip of the 1870's

"THE Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams," generously footnoted by Ward Thoron, make a book of upwards of 450 pages. They were written mostly to her father from Europe or Washington. The style is modified by what one told a father in those days. They are gossip, shrewd appraisals of men, art, events, and show what interested in the 19th century a bright but not too tolerant woman who was in a position to meet the "movers and shakers" of her time.

("The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams" edited by Ward Thoron; Little Brown. \$5.00.)

* * *

"The Theory and Practice of Socialism"

JOHN STRACHEY has written an official description of socialism which should be read by every one who wants to know why "life is like that."

For his definition of socialism he goes to Lenin: "Mankind can pass directly from capitalism only into socialism, i.e., into social ownership of the means of production, and distribution of products according to the work of the individual. Socialism is bound sooner or later to ripen into communism whose motto is 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.'"

Mr. Strachey's book runs into 500 pages, and is divided in four parts. The first section distinguishes between capitalism as production for profit and socialism as planned production for use.

In a capitalistic system profit is made in the difference between what labor is paid and the selling price of the product. The selling price is raised above the product's value, or the wage of the laborer is cut. Either way the laborer cannot afford to buy it, and it is he who needs.

Thus he spends his time producing things for the rich. But there is a limit to what the rich want to buy. So their surplus capital goes into more means of production—labor saving machinery. This augments the worker's problem. Now, less work is needed from him and more income goes to the owners. As the ownership and wealth of a nation become concentrated in fewer and fewer wealthy hands, the impoverished majority have less and less purchasing power—so a new market must be sought outside the nation. But other capitalistic nations are also seeking markets. This leads to war.

In a socialistic state income is not equally divided (as Shaw says in his "Intelligent Woman's Guide") but goes to each according to his work. The means of production are owned by the

state. Every citizen may own a motor-car—but no citizen may own a motor-car factory.

The second section of the book describes the socialist state which covers one sixth of the world—the Soviet nation.

The third section is a review of socialistic thought through the ages. The final pages analyze a new science—social dynamics—which has been discovered by economists and above all by Marx and Engels. Its first principles are only now firmly established, and many secondary problems remain unsolved. It is in the stage of development comparable to that of physics in the 17th Century, or biology sixty years ago.

("The Theory and Practice of Socialism." John Strachey. Random House. \$3.00.)

* * *

Worth Reading

"FROM Snow to Snow" is a selection of Robert Frost's own poems for each month in the year.

The verses are concentrated, simple, reserved. In what is left unsaid lies the throb of their poetry.

"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is his choice for December:

"Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here,
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

"My horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

"He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep."
("From Snow to Snow". Robert Frost. Henry Holt. \$2.50.)

* * *

EVERYBODY can be beautiful, "this way to beauty" by Helena Rubinstein makes the modest assertion that all you have to do is to make up your mind to be beautiful—and, of course, follow Miss Rubinstein's rules.

These rules seem very simple, even the business woman should have time for them. Indeed, after reading the arguments one is almost persuaded that beauty can be had, and to try again.

("this way to beauty". Helena Rubinstein. Dodge. \$2.00.)

(Continued on page 39)



Wide World

John Strachey, British Marxist, author of "The Theory and Practice of Socialism."



Theo. Fisher

New England poet, Robert Frost, whose "From Snow to Snow" is a farmer's poem.



W. E. Woodward writes an informal survey of our national past in his "A New American History."

Stay Out of the Running

Women belong in the graceful sports. Anything else is a strain on the girl and the spectator too. A girl running is one of the most awkward sights in the sports world, yet in other forms she does a far more graceful job than the male. Women's place is off the track.



Acme

Helen Stephens broke all Olympic records for women's track events, but any schoolboy could do better . . .



Women belong in diving tournaments, where flowing line, not bulging muscles, win the day and are tribute to beauty.

EQUALITY nuts! Women's bodies are adequate for certain sports only, and it's time they realized it. Feminine beauty was never intended to be surpassingly muscular, and if you need proof compare the torsos of Helen Stephens and Jesse Owens. Owens' is muscular in the

same places as Helen's but where he is an aesthetically pleasing sight, she looks stringy and bumpy. And her slight concession to femininity makes the fact all the more regrettable. Men can knot, but women must be smoothly muscled, their strength from co-ordination.



Acme

And she had to look like this to do it. Without the natural running grace of a man her supreme effort netted her only a passing reputation and a permanent frown.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly



The Scandinavian queen, Sonja Henie, is the answer to a manager's prayer. Her skill is effortless, her beauty evident, her audiences captivated.

International



International

Helen Wills Moody, queen of the courts, plays with flowing grace and speed, never looks perturbed.



Acme

Whereas a girl track star comes off blowing hard and sweating like her near cousin the horse.



International

Mrs. Helen Boulton-Leigh adapts herself to the intricacies of ski technique and looks good, too.

IT'S IN THE NEWS!

by ERIC GODAL



"IT'S A MOUSE, BUT IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE A CANARY!"

In a Chicago children's home, the superintendent had a mouse that sang (proof on request), with trills in high and low pitches. It was lost, baited, recovered.



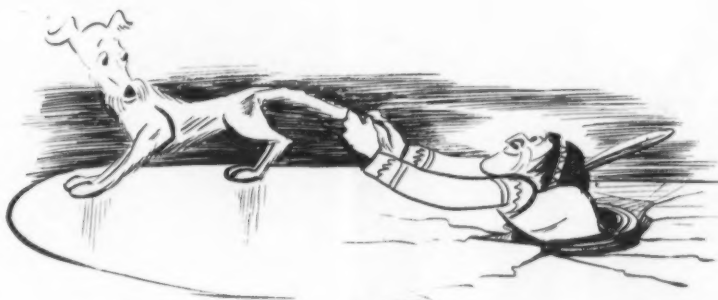
"IT'S GOT TO BE DONE, SO DO IT RIGHT, OR NOT AT ALL!"

Working on the theory that divorces result from inept methods of undressing, a strip-tease director has set up a school, with strip-teasers as professors. Fee: six lessons for \$30.



"TOO MUCH NOISE COP! GIVE YOURSELF A TICKET!"

His motorcycle had carburetor trouble, so Officer Darienzo was told by Magistrate Harris to arrest himself. Then the magistrate was rebuked by the Chief Magistrate for bringing the "court into ridicule."



"COME QUICK, DOGGIE! PAYPOMPEE NEEDS YOUR TAIL!"

Paypompee, 58-year-old Whitefish Bay Indian, went trapping, fell into a hole in the ice. He called to his dog, who lent aid with his tail, rescued his master.

In Which I Find My Dream Ship

(Continued from page 19)

ally climbing, we stopped so frequently that I became interested in a book so intently that I was unaware of anything amiss until I looked up to find my compartment swarming with monkeys, queer large red-faced individuals. One was just disappearing out of the window and up onto the roof with part of my camera which had been lying beside me. There was just time to grab his tail and pull him back into the room again and take his spoils away from him. I investigated and found that the animals were swarming down upon the roof of the train from large overhanging trees. Henceforth in the hill stations I kept my shutters closed against the invasion.

Southern Indian railroads are pretty dreadful. You are shut up in complete isolation from the rest of the world in an appalling rain of cinders and general dirt. The berths are just too short to stretch out comfortably in at night.

Having combed the southern coasts of India fruitlessly, I wound up on the Madras coast as a final effort and there found nothing. All the brigs were too old to consider. In Madras, on Friday the 13th (I was born on a Friday the 13th, and it is my lucky day) I had a hunch and sent a wire to the owners of the Annapooranyamal, making a final offer for her. After some hours a reply came straggling back. My offer was accepted. I later learned that my books and magazines had done the trick. The owners were really convinced that I had been telling the truth, impossible as it must have seemed to them, and realized that I had no ulterior motives in wanting the brigantine.

In an hour or so, after wiring an advance payment on the ship, I was on my way back to Ceylon, impatient to reach Kaits and my dream ship which had suddenly crystallized into reality at the moment when things were blackest.

Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle

SAHARA	JAPAN	CONGRESS
PRAGUE	AJAX	BARONETCY
AGREE	ONAN	DARE
NEED	EMIR	REND
INS	DAIS	DEAD
ET	MARC	BELL
LIP	MERCURY	BOTHERS
SNAP	DOORN	TOUT
AWRY	NIL	RUSSIA
S	SOAP	NAMED
MA	PLEA	PIVOT
ILL	EELS	NURSE
TOUR	PALACE	ERS
HERON	BADE	STIES
EMULATE	PESETAS	IMP
SD	PLUME	LACE
TUG	LSA	PEST
EBRO	H	ROSS
PLUMS	OUST	MUGS
PINEHURST	LAME	GAMEST
ENTREATS	MIXED	ECARTE

Brain Tanglers

Things You Think You Know

BEWARE of generally accepted "facts." Like the ancient ballads, truths when passed from mouth to mouth often cease to be true. In some cases the generally accepted notion is the precise reverse of the actual fact.

This true-and-false quiz is a test of your accuracy in general odd information. Each statement,



as presented here, may be either true or false. If it is true, put a T in the space before its number. If it is false, put down an F. If you don't know leave it blank.

Score plus one for every statement correctly identified as true or false; minus two for every incorrect answer; zero for every one unanswered. Perfect score plus 10, good score plus 3. Here goes:

-1. Rubber possesses more elasticity than steel.
-2. Alaska uses Pacific Standard Time.
-3. The new Oakland-San Francisco bridge has the longest suspension span in the world.
-4. The automobile is an American invention.
-5. Australia is larger than Greenland.
-6. A kilowatt-hour, unit of consumption of electricity, represents a current of 1,000 watts running for a period of one hour.
-7. The King James's version of the Bible is the English translation used by the Roman Catholic Church.
-8. In the Southern States, marriage between whites and Negroes is against the law.
-9. General Pershing is the only U. S. Army officer since the Civil War to hold the rank of "General of the Army."
-10. Losses in stock market operations may no longer be deducted from income for income tax purposes.

For Radio Amateurs

In the following dialogue, the names of the two broadcasting systems are anagrams of what the two speakers are trying to say. Rearrange the letters of each of the italicized names to fit the story.

W2HXL, Baltimore: CQ, CQ, calling W2AC3, hello CQ, CQ!
W2AC3, Cincinnati: Hello, W2HXL, hello, hello!
W2HXL: Hi, Joe! Say, what's wrong with my set?
W2AC3: *COLUMBIA*, you sap!
W2HXL: Well, that's easy! But I guess I'll have to put up with it for a while.



Letter Division

Letter division is only one of a vast variety of puzzles which can derive from inter-manipulation of letters for numerals.

Because it affords opportunity for multiplication, subtraction and division, it is probably the most fascinating of all the letter-for-number brain tanglers.

Offhand, letter division looks like a hopeless jumble of meaningless symbols. It's neither here nor there. You know it's division, but you can't place it. Like a friend, sometimes.

Right off the bat, look for clues. In the last three lines of

the puzzle below, you will see that C subtracted from I leaves I. Going back to fundamentals, this should make C equal to zero. Substitute, and see.

TAE) SYHI (EP
HSA

MIEI
MYMC

EMI

Also, the letters will spell a word, if placed in proper order. Your turn.

Solutions? Don't Look Now,
But They're on Page 38

Income Tax Headache

Supposing you had to give the Government the right dope on the following investments, what would your answer be?

You invest \$125,000 (after all, the depression is over).

Twenty-seven per cent of it pays a profit of 8 per cent.

Eighteen per cent of the balance loses 5 per cent.

Of the remainder, 24 per cent is invested at a profit of 7½ per cent.

And the rest is invested with a loss of 10 per cent.

What is the net profit or loss on the investment? The trick

here is to find a short-cut way to do it. Otherwise you're likely to end in a padded cell.



Crisis on Brooklyn Bridge

Shamus O'Dooley, a truck farmer in one of the Long Island suburbs of New York, was proceeding to town on his regular early morning trip to market. As he leisurely approached Brooklyn Bridge he became aware of great congestion of traffic, and when he reached the entrance to the structure he was stopped completely. A number of perspiring policemen were lining up the carts and trucks, allowing only one at a time to enter upon the bridge.

"What's the —*!!*#!* idea?" inquired Shamus as an officer unceremoniously motioned him into line.

"Orders," quoth that dignitary briefly. "Get into line, now, into line!"

So Shamus, fuming but impotent, got into line and awaited his turn to cross the bridge. Finally he was allowed to proceed, and, being as observant as he was tough, he watched the whole business very closely, with the idea of registering a complaint through Alderman McBoodle.

czar of Red Hook and a particular friend of Shamus's.

He observed that the traffic was moving at a constant rate. The police had so regulated it that just ten vehicles, five going in each direction, were allowed on the bridge at any single time. They started their system in operation at both ends simultaneously, and the trucks moved across at a snail's pace, keeping the same distance apart throughout the trip.

It seems that the city authorities and the WPA had got their signals crossed, and there were a half-dozen crews of repair men working on the bridge at the same time, so reducing the space available for traffic as to force the police to adopt this heroic measure.

Shamus realized this after a time, and got tired of his check-up after he had counted five vehicles moving past him in the opposite direction. Just where was he on the bridge at that moment?

Cryptogram

You do cryptograms by substituting letters for letters in the cryptic message which is placed before you. That's all there is to it, but before the thing is done, many more complications arise. You've got to have at your command a definite knowledge of spelling, consonant and syllable position, and letter-frequency.

In the puzzle below the letter

L, as in AL, may stand for the letter N, or the letter S. But S's at the end of words appear more frequently than N's. If you think L is the key to S, substitute S's wherever the letter L appears, and so on. If your guess is wrong, you'll know it soon enough.

This puzzle deals with naked reality:

EXCALF AL LPWALKPQWZUT ZEST KZU

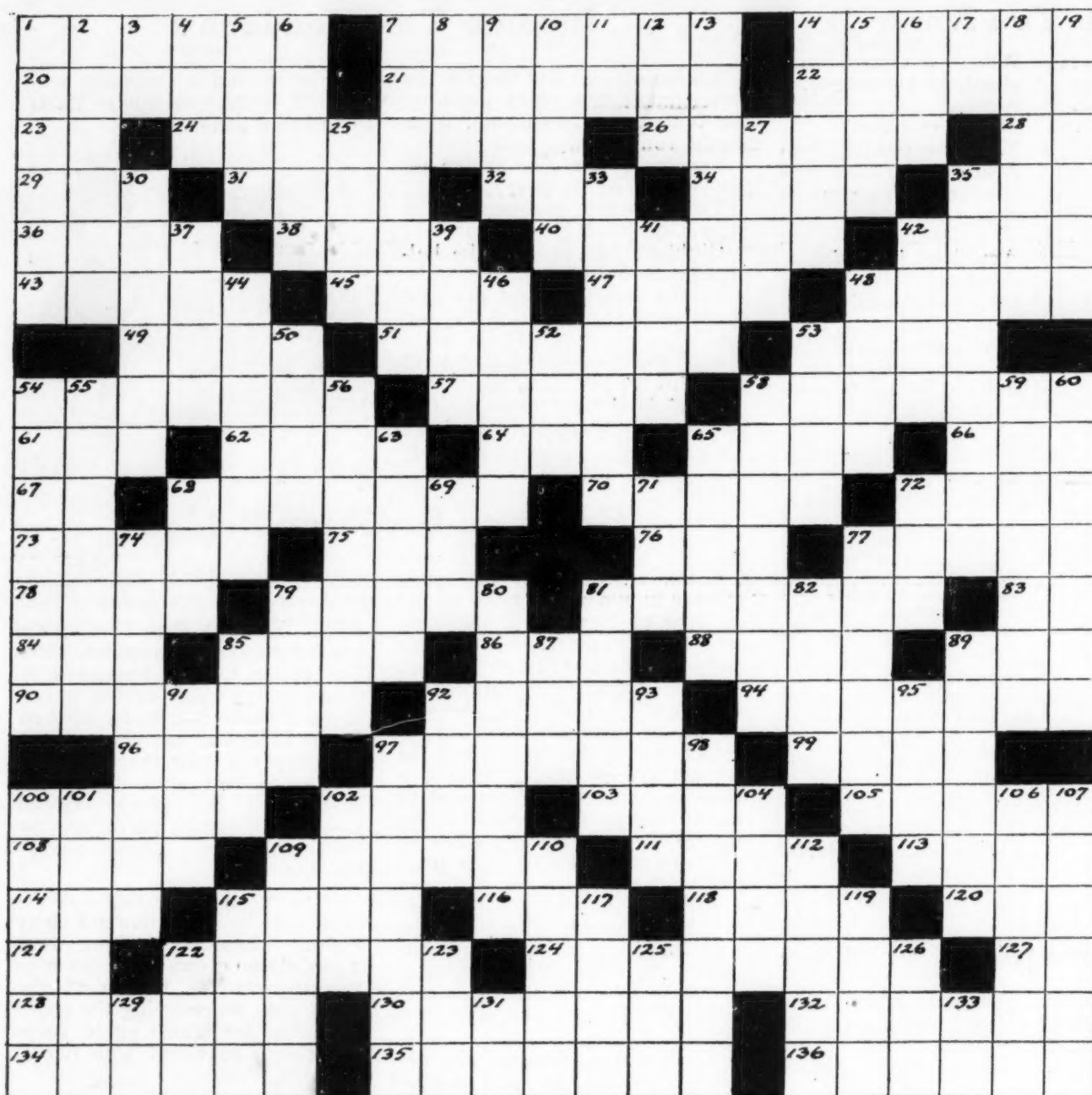
OPENPUZZL PEC ZWIBU FPULXVAPSL

DIZ QZFB UBPCT-FPCB DAWI VZQOBWL

Midweek Crossword Puzzle

Solution
Next Week

(See page 34 for last week's solution)



ACROSS

- 1 Napoleon of baseball
- 7 Discoverer of rabies cure
- 14 Pursued
- 20 Winner of Nobel Literature prize
- 21 Resident physician in a hospital
- 22 Island in North Pacific
- 23 Nova Scotia; abbr.
- 24 Common
- 26 Marvel
- 28 Behold
- 29 Bar
- 31 Location
- 32 Wand
- 34 Receptacle for holy water
- 35 Public timepiece in London
- 36 American Indians
- 38 Neat
- 40 Grayish green color
- 42 Bird
- 43 Cozy retreats
- 45 Part of a ship
- 47 Causing pain
- 48 Creator of "Cockeyed" crossword puzzles.
- 49 Student
- 51 Secretary of the Navy
- 53 Afterward
- 54 Head of the Communist Party in the United States
- 57 Saccharine

DOWN

- 58 Pursued unrelentingly
- 61 Unrefined
- 62 Encourage
- 64 Ever; poetic
- 65 Separated
- 66 Organ of hearing
- 67 Independence League; abbr.
- 68 Guarantees
- 70 Moves lightly
- 72 Sagacious
- 73 Sweethearts
- 75 Recent
- 76 Beast of burden
- 77 Fundamental principle
- 78 River in Arizona
- 79 Tendon
- 81 Risked
- 83 Plural suffix
- 84 Incite
- 85 Limbless animal
- 86 Every
- 88 Indigo plant
- 89 Peer Gynt's mother
- 90 American civil war General
- 92 Glow
- 94 Thin wooden strips
- 96 Shower
- 97 English Prime Minister
- 99 Dry
- 100 Inventor of television
- 102 "Pearl of the Antilles"
- 103 Hollow
- 105 Locations

- 108 Sea eagle
- 109 Surviving
- 111 Treat with contempt
- 113 Beverage
- 114 Exist
- 115 Medicine
- 116 Consume
- 118 Greek god of war
- 120 Perch
- 121 Japanese measure
- 122 Capital of Texas
- 124 Severe
- 127 Note of the scale
- 128 Show in a clear manner
- 130 City in which "Baby Derby" was sponsored
- 132 City in Tennessee where "Scopes" trial was held
- 134 Give
- 135 Breach of faith
- 136 Recoil

DOWN

- 1 Stokowski's birthplace
- 2 Handle-shaped
- 3 Symbol for neon
- 4 Plunge
- 5 Evils
- 6 Icy particles
- 7 Devotions
- 8 Black bird
- 9 Asterisk

- 10 General tendency
- 11 Comparative suffix
- 12 Character in Spenser's "Faerie Queene"
- 13 American aviator supposedly lost in wilds of Brazil
- 14 Country in open rebellion against Japanese aggression
- 15 Male of the red deer
- 16 Inspire with fear
- 17 Host nation to Intra-American Peace Conference
- 18 Woman's name
- 19 Famous family of Callendar, Ontario
- 25 Skin
- 27 Style
- 30 Soviet seat of government
- 33 Dinner course
- 35 Chief Justice who recently reached his 80th birthday
- 37 Pack
- 39 European gulls
- 41 Black substance formed by combustion
- 42 While
- 44 Portable chairs
- 46 Famous penal authority
- 48 Avoid
- 50 Noted American Socialist
- 52 Born
- 53 High pointed hills
- 54 Leader of Pacific Coast strike
- 55 English navigator and courtier
- 56 Gathering of persons long separated
- 58 Relief Administrator
- 59 Most facile
- 60 Prepares for display
- 63 Inclination
- 65 Pope's triple crown
- 68 Man's name
- 69 Sheep
- 71 Grain
- 72 Little mass
- 74 Arab
- 77 Beautiful girls
- 79 Limited portion of time
- 80 Secretary of Agriculture
- 81 Cultivates
- 82 Organ of speaking
- 85 In the midst of
- 87 Weight of Norway
- 89 South American Indians
- 91 Infrequent
- 92 Follower of the Bab
- 93 Units of wire measure
- 95 Rainbow
- 97 U. S. Ambassador to France
- 98 Polygon having nine angles
- 100 Carrier
- 101 Come
- 102 Primitive chisel
- 104 Revolve
- 106 Inventor of motion-picture machine
- 107 Surfeiting
- 109 Part of a step
- 110 Tasmanian phalanger
- 112 Small globular bodies
- 115 Brownish purple color
- 117 Prevailing fashions
- 119 Break sharply
- 122 Conjunction
- 123 Neither
- 125 Japanese statesman
- 126 Sky god
- 129 Office holder
- 131 Note of the scale
- 133 Species of Asiatic trees

A LAUGH FOR YOUR PALETTE

by
r.c. dell + RU



"WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT THE BRAKES, HENRY DARLING?"



"DANNY IS BLAZING A TRAIL!"



"THEN I MIXED TWO DROPS OF THIS —!"



"DEY SAY HE DOES HIS BEST WOIK WHEN HE'S STINKO!"
January 6, 1937



"O.K. TOOTS!"

Solutions to Problems On Page 35

"Things You Think You Know"

1. FALSE. Elasticity is the property of a substance to regain its original shape after being distorted. Rubber stretches permanently under strain; steel springs back and is therefore more "elastic" than rubber.
2. FALSE. Alaskan time is 2 hours earlier than Pacific time.
3. FALSE. The channel span of the Oakland bridge is 2,310 feet long, while that of the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River, N. Y., is 3,500 feet long.
4. FALSE. The world's first motor car was built and driven by Carl Benz in Germany in 1886, powered by the Benz two-stroke motor, invented in 1879.
5. TRUE. Australia comprises 2,974,581 square miles; Greenland only 827,300.
6. TRUE.
7. FALSE. English Bible of the Roman Catholic Church is the Douai version.
8. TRUE.
9. FALSE. While Pershing was the first since the Civil War to receive the rank of General, it has also been bestowed upon Generals Bliss and March, during the World War, and upon every Chief of Staff since Charles P. Summerall.
10. FALSE. They may be deducted in amounts up to \$2,000.

For Radio Amateurs

The letters of "Columbia" spell: "A bum coil." The letters of "National" spell: "Not a nail."

Income Tax Headache

The answer is \$2,461.10, or 1.96888 per cent net loss.

The easiest way to keep the figures straight is to calculate, to as many places as necessary, the percentages of the original total invested in each case. If these percentages are then reduced or increased by the ratio of loss or profit indicated, and the results added, the total would be the remaining percentage of the original investment. Subtracting the result from 100 per cent shows the percentage of profit or loss. Then multiply this figure by \$125,000 to get the total profit or loss in dollars and cents.

By this method, working with the actual dollars and cents involved is eliminated except for one simple calculation at the end. Here's how it works in the case of the problem given:

Percentage of Total Used in each Operation

	100.00
(a) —	27.00 (27% of 100)
(b) —	73.00
(b) ¹ —	13.14 (18% of b)
(c) —	59.8600
(c) ¹ —	14.3664 (24% of c)
(d) —	45.4936

Percentages After Increase or Decrease

29.16	(108% of a)
12.483	(95% of b ¹)
15.44388	(107.5% of c ¹)
40.94424	(90% of d)
Total,	98.03112

Thus the \$125,000, which was 100% of itself to begin with, is now reduced to 98.03112% of itself. Subtracting the latter from 100% shows that the net loss was 1.96888%. Multiplying \$125,000 by 0.0196888 shows that the net loss was \$2,461.10.

The point is to observe that the figure 98.03112% would result whether the amount involved was 125 thousand or 125 cents.

"Crisis on Brooklyn Bridge"

When Shamus O'Dooley started across the Bridge there were already five vehicles upon the span coming toward him. By

the time he reached the other side his cart must have passed the five already upon the bridge as well as five more which followed, making ten in all. Therefore he would pass half of ten, or five vehicles, when halfway upon his journey, and must have stopped counting when just past the middle point of the bridge.

Cryptogram

Nudism is satisfactory only for kangaroos and other marsupials, who come ready-made with pockets.

Letter Division

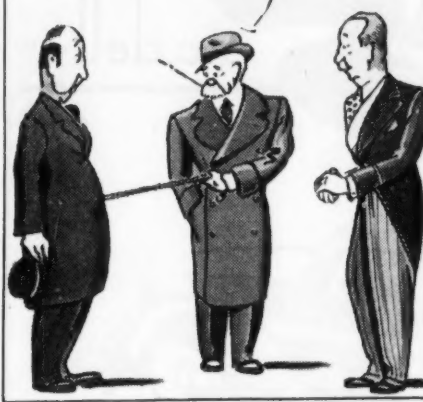
M E T A P H Y S I C S
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 8

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly

VERY WELL, MR. CESAR, BUT REMEMBER WE DON'T LIKE MASQUERADES, SIR—



MY MAN WILL DECIDE WHICH LOOKS BEST — GERVAYSE, DON'T BE SO SULKY!



NOW THIS COSTUME IS, SHALL WE SAY, UNUSUAL?



UNUSUAL, OH YES, SIR— BY ALL MEANS—UNUSUAL!



OH MR. NAPOLEON, SIR— I KNOW YOU—YOU'RE MR. CESAR—



WELL?



I'M HUNTING FOR A COSTUME, NOT TRYING TO AMUSE YOU! NOW GO HOME!



GOOD EVENING, MR. CESAR— DID YOU FIND A COSTUME, SIR? IS IT IN THE PACKAGE? ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT ON, SIR? MAY I HELP YOU SIR?



YOU ENJOYED THOSE COSTUMES SO MUCH THAT I GOT ONE WITH A RUMBLE SEAT—GET IN!



Books in Review

(Continued from page 31)

"America Dancing"

DID you know that dancing is the most active and serious American art; the most integrated and independent? John Martin, dance critic of the *New York Times*, says it is in his "America Dancing." This is a fine text book for anyone who wants to get as much as possible out of watching dancing, or even dancing themselves. It is illustrated with photographs by Thomas Bouchard which successfully catch those transitional moments which contain in themselves both the fruits of the movement that has preceded them and the seeds of that which is to follow.

("America Dancing." John Martin. Dodge. \$3.00.)

"This Isn't the End"

THE bad-little-boy side of genius serves Margaret Widdemer as a clothes horse to hang the romantic loves of Penelope Frost upon. The bad boy is her husband, Vincent, a famous radio star. She gives up her stage ambitions to become his wife,

only to be deserted for a climbing, coarse adventuress. The manager of the broadcasting studio has always loved Penelope. She now promises to become his wife. But Vincent gets ill, sends for her to come to Hollywood. Her husband! The father of her child!

But now she sees his selfishness, his inordinate vanity. She turns back to the manager of the broadcasting studio, and we hope, to better days.

("This Isn't the End." Margaret Widdemer. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.00.)

"Inside 100 Homes"

"INSIDE 100 Homes" by Mary Fanton Roberts is a glorious picture book of the homes of famous people who have had the money and taste to build the home of their heart's desire. Here is every type of architecture and decoration. Miss Roberts accompanies the photographs with rules for making your home beautiful.

("Inside 100 Homes," Mary Fanton Roberts. Robert McBride. \$3.50) HORNER YOUNG

U. S. School of Writing Student Earns \$450.00 in 6 Months

JANIE A. MALHERBE, of Pretoria, South Africa, a recent student of the U. S. School of Writing, has earned \$450.00 for her writing within a space of six months. Soon after starting the course, she obtained a position as a regular columnist for the woman's section of a Boer newspaper. This work nets her about \$85 a month. Then she succeeded in selling to a South African magazine, "The Outspan," two articles which had been criticized by our editorial staff. She has also had her work published in two other large South African publications.

Writes Mrs. Malherbe: "I have no hesitation in stating that I would never have had the energy or confidence to make a start unless I had gone in for this course with your School. One may have the actual talent or ability to write and yet never get beyond noble intentions without taking the important initial step of embarking on an actual course of instruction which serves to guide and inspire."

Perhaps you have this "actual talent or ability to write" without knowing it. But upon discovering it, you may have equal literary success. Send for our free Writing Aptitude Test today to see whether you too have the potentialities for remunerative work in the field of writing. It's entirely free and there is no obligation!

U. S. SCHOOL of WRITING

20 West 60th Street, Dept. 7, New York, N. Y.

PRIZES EVERY WEEK!

Everybody Has a Chance to Win in the

RADIO GUIDE

Big "Double-Header" Contest

ONLY ONE ENTRY REQUIRED AND YOU MAY WIN IN BOTH CONTESTS

WEEKLY HANDWRITING CONTEST

ONLY ONE ENTRY REQUIRED AND YOU MAY WIN IN BOTH CONTESTS EACH WEEK—FORTY-TWO PRIZES—IN SUMS RANGING FROM FIVE DOLLARS TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS—WILL BE AWARDED FOR THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC AND DISTINCTIVE HANDWRITING AMONG RADIO GUIDE READERS. YOU NEED NOT BE A WRITER OF BEAUTIFUL SCRIPT TO WIN. Here is what you do: Write a slogan of not more than 10 words which must refer to and convey the essence of RADIO GUIDE'S Editorial spirit. Radio Guide's present slogan is "The National Weekly of Programs and Personalities."

SLOGAN CONTEST

Write a better one and mail it at once. That automatically enters you in the 705 AWARDS—A TOTAL OF \$4,000.00 WILL BE PAID IN CASH PRIZES IN SUMS RANGING FROM TWO DOLLARS TO ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THOSE WHOSE SLOGANS BEST CONVEY THE IDEA OF RADIO GUIDE'S WEEKLY SERVICE TO RADIO LISTENERS.

Full and complete details of RADIO GUIDE'S DOUBLE HEADER CONTEST rules will be printed in each issue of RADIO GUIDE while the contest is in progress. Buy a copy of RADIO GUIDE at your newsdealer's today. Send in your entry coupon—and qualify to win in both contests.



"What's she got, that I ain't got?"

January 6, 1937

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Radio Guide Handwriting-Slogan Contest

No More Than 10 Words

The above is my entry in your Handwriting-Slogan Contest.

Name _____

Address _____

(Address: Radio Guide, c/o National Broadcasting Co., New York, N. Y.)

How Did You Get Through the Week?

By Charles B. Driscoll

GLENN FRANK has never been one of my favorite authors. A little too much ELBERT HUBBARD, too much *Chautauqua*, and a trifle of the atmosphere of the BILLY SUNDAY circus, in which he used to be an active performer in his callower days . . . But it is decidedly annoying to hear politicians accusing him of neglecting his duties for lecturing and writing. GOVERNOR LAFOLLETTE should know that a university head cannot punch a time clock, and that college presidents who can't write or lecture are a dime a dozen and seldom worth the dime . . . I knew the GOVERNOR'S distinguished father, and the elder ROBERT LAFOLLETTE was a greater man than his son, partly because he lectured and wrote, and did both jobs well, besides being an effective public servant . . . I'm afraid several personages may be smaller in stature after the university row is over in Wisconsin . . . TOM STIX manages HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON on the air and elsewhere, and is an ardent admirer of the big *Dutchman*. A galleon drawn by VAN LOON hangs on STIX'S office wall, and it's not a bad galleon . . . Do you know that there probably does not exist in all the world an accurate and authentic set of plans for a galleon, showing the interior arrangement? Maybe you don't care. But I prowled feverishly up and down the earth and around it, in search of those plans, when I was writing a book about an old galleon . . . MR. J. EDGAR HOOVER: You've done good work in



capturing kidnapers and bandits, and the country is better for your public service. Thanks. But really, you are an unconscionable publicity hound, and your melodramas are often staged with too much scenery, excursions and alarms. I need not be specific, I hope. Your blood-and-thunder stuff and personal chest expansion over what ought to be a simple, quiet arrest, get laughs from the judicious, and the whole country will be tittering if you don't pipe down . . . Kidnaping of GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK fell the flattest of any big international news story I've seen in years. The chill fact is that Americans are not a bit interested in Chinese, know nothing about them, and aren't curious about China . . . Anyone who's been watching the news for a score of years knows that flood, fire and earthquake may smite hunks of China as big as

France, and nobody buys papers in America to read the stories . . . And, of course, any news would taste a bit flat after the bubbly orgy we celebrated over EDWARD and WALLY.

GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS and his dark-eyed, beautiful wife, ZORAIDA, are in *Hot Springs, Arkansas*, where GEORGE is finishing a book on *Mexico*. I first met GEORGE in *Porto Rico*, where he was chief of the insular police. Since then



he's run wars and trained armies in banana and rubber republics all over the map. He created HARVEY FIRESTONE'S black, barefooted army in *Liberia* . . . Six and a half feet tall, slim, lanky, outspoken, LEWIS is my idea of a real soldier of fortune, nearing the sixties but still able to lead the young huskies in setting-up exercises, marching, riding, and shooting. Yes, he's from Kansas . . . and TEX O'REILLY, another adventurer, with nine bullets still unextracted from his frame, is even taller and thinner than LEWIS . . . CHARLES C. MERRIAM, of New Haven, six feet five, tells me statistics in which he was once intensely interested show that tall men are not more likely to be killed in war than short men, though I don't know why. MERRIAM, who has ventured in business often, tells me the chief plague of business men's lives is partner trouble. No commercial giant, he says, believes that his partner is earning his share of the profits. He advises young men to go into business on their own and alone or not at all . . . But I mourn the passing of the rotisserie in *Manhattan*. When I came to town in 1918, Broadway and Sixth and Seventh avenues were dripping with juicy fowls and joints, turning slowly on spits in windows. Tenderer and more luscious mouthfuls of meat were hard to find—and still are. I know of only one typical rotisserie now, on Sixth in the forties, where a quiet clientele, relic of the old days, eats in self-satisfied luxury . . . A silly alliterative sentence is good for insomniacs. Such as *The king is counting his copper cash and the crow is catching a kite* . . . Yes, I knew you'd think it foolish, but that's the idea. No constructive thinking after getting between sheets . . . I had a brief cocktail with LEON GORDON, the portrait painter, and his wife, who's mysteriously beautiful, last week. LEON'S studio burned up a year

ago, destroying years of work. The painter sighed, cracked a joke, and went to *Europe* for three months. Now he's had the studio entirely rebuilt, and is glad the fire happened . . . I can make plenty of pictures, and why have too many of them about anyhow? says he.

As GEORGE McMANUS grows older, he looks more like JIGGS. And JIGGS looks more like McMANUS. Every cartoonist I know draws himself in his cartoons, and usually he draws his wife as the feminine lead. It's unconscious with most of the boys, and many of them would deny it vigorously. McManus is one of the holdouts against flying. He can't get himself into a plane . . . ROBERT GARLAND, who writes about the plays in *New York*, is a thick-set, dark, smiling fellow of 41. He gives the impression of a scholar, and he's written many plays . . . On a recent night, at the home of a friend, we were talking about the *Supreme Court*. I said, "The man I'd like to see fill the next vacancy is DR. HENRY MOSKOWITZ. A grand gentleman, possessed of the most genuine social conscience of any man I've known." In next day's papers I read the sad news. Even as I was speaking my feeble praise, he was passing, unexpectedly, out of this life . . . I've never known a more generally respected man. His wife, BELLE MOSKOWITZ, was secretary and adviser to AL SMITH for many years, a woman of magnetism and brains. Since her death, a few years ago, the DOCTOR has been subdued, more thoughtful, but active in helping the friendless . . . Red-headed women always find life exciting, because people talk about their hair and they thus become accustomed to being interesting. ELINOR GLYN croons about her red hair throughout her autobiography, *Romantic Adventure*, which I'm just reading. Her life is all cluttered up with Lords, Dukes, Viscounts and people whom she describes as lovely, charming, good-looking, and very interesting. When these people



were male, they proposed to her, and if female they usually were jealous . . . Men can have all kinds of red hair without being a bit celebrated. In fact, almost the grandest shade of red I've seen was the topknot of HARRY MacPHERSON, who now writes lyrics for the movies, and HARRY had a way of seeming to de-

plore the hair, which stole the act from his wit and versifying . . . A note arrives from young BILL ROGERS, of *Beverly Hills*, doing well as publisher of a local newspaper.

THE late EARL DERR BIGGERS was primarily responsible for getting KEN HUBBARD'S *Abe Martin* into newspaper syndication, so we owe to his memory more than the gratitude millions of us feel for *Behind That Curtain*. GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS tells me how he was talking with BIGGERS in *Boston* at dinner, when the mystery writer said, *There's a fellow out in Indiana you ought to get hold of. The funniest man in America*. So GEORGE went to *Indianapolis* and signed the shy, unpretentious HUBBARD to his first syndicate contract, and the world came to know *Abe Martin* . . . Millions of men will be employed for billions of hours in this country as a result of two scientific discoveries: air conditioning and sound deadening. Almost every existing building will have to be torn down and replaced with a better, more comfortable and more efficient building . . . and the work is about to begin. It will go on for at least two generations—more likely five or six . . . I hereby suggest that



model homes, office buildings and other structures of this present future be constructed for the *New York world's fair*, without windows, with air conditioning and perfect lighting, far better than sunlight . . . MR. CHARLIE SCHWAB did not get window-rattling cheers when he offered to contribute a half million to himself toward his purchase price of his white elephant on *Riverside Drive* . . . He wants to sell to the City of *New York* a house that nobody would live in, not even the SCHWABS. It's my impression that the good gray steel magnate, who will be 75 in February, can afford to give the whole caboodle to the city if he aches to see the city own it . . . But whether any municipality could afford to accept it, I wouldn't know. If I were the city, I'd say, *No, thanks, GENEROUS CHARLIE, you keep it and pay taxes on it, and next time you'll know better than to build such a monstrosity to display your wealth*.

And that remark about wealth brings me by easy stages to what I've been driving at all along: How did you get through the week?

?

the
young
Hills,
local

BIG-
pon-
E N
into
we
than
feel
tain.
AMS
with
anner,
said,
liana
The
So
polis
eten-
first
world

oyed
this
cien-
ning
most
have
aced
table
...
egin.
two
e or
that

and
sent
the
hout
ning
etter
LIE
dow-
ed to
him-
ce of
side
ll to
ouse
not
my
gray
5 in
the
f he

ality
t, I
the
EN-
p it
next
n to
dis-
health
what
ong:
the

ekly



What Tragedy Lies Behind This Picture?

Along a war-wracked road in Spain, these three are marching, the uneven rhythm of their steps punctuated by the ceaseless drum of gun-fire. Two of them are Fascist soldiers, armed with grim and heavy accoutrements of death. The third is a captured Loyalist, pressed impatiently and irre-

sistibly towards certain doom. And so they march, as thousands more have marched, along the road in Spain whose milestones are three—Destruction, Desolation, Death.

We need a title for this picture. Can you write one? Read thoroughly the *back cover* of this issue.

\$10,000 CASH PRIZES!

By Charl

for writing
titles to
this picture!

It is easy to title such a picture. You do not need literary talent. Famous slogans have been thought of by people of limited education. This man is being led out to be shot. Spaniard fighting Spaniard. For what? War is horrible. Brother against brother is frightful. Say something in no more than 20 words that will give readers the idea of the agony, the brutality, and the terror of such a war and its uselessness. Use the entry blank in the lower right corner of this page. Sensational pictures like this and thousands of others reach us daily from all over the world. The most exciting of them reach you each week in Mid-Week Pictorial.



253 CASH PRIZES TOTALING \$10,000.00
TO MID-WEEK PICTORIAL SUBSCRIBERS

Be first to see 200 or more thrilling, last minute newspaper pictures and read stories behind them.

For over 20 years Mid-Week Pictorial has published the pick of the world's most amazing photographs. Now, new speed cameras, sharp telescopic lenses and highly sensitized film get pictures impossible a few years ago. Everything that is NEWS in the world is quickly reported BY PICTURE directly to Mid-Week Pictorial. The most exciting and sensational of these pictures, first seen by Mid-Week Pictorial are rushed to you each week.

\$1 BRINGS 12 AMAZING ISSUES

Money Back TRIAL
makes you eligible to 253
cash prizes totaling \$10,000

as well as a chance to be one of 253 cash prize winners. You also have an opportunity to get your money back without losing your entry in the contest if, after reading the first two issues received, you don't think you are getting your money's worth.

**You Will Like Mid-Week Pictorial
or you get your money back!**

There are no strings to this contest. We are offering \$10,000..in cash prizes to get people talking about Mid-Week Pictorial and to keep them reading it. Once you see the 200 or more dramatic, sensational news pictures and the stories about them it contains you'll read it steadily. *You'll thank us* for introducing you to this great weekly thrill. *You'll enjoy* entering the picture title contest and the chance to win \$5,000., or 252 other cash prizes. *You'll act at once* because when you've sent us your dollar for 12 issues and you want your money back, after reading two, you can have it, without losing your chance of winning in the contest. Could anything be fairer?

JUDGES
Mary Pickford
Lowel Thomas
Heywood Broun
Their decision is final

CONTEST CLOSES JAN. 30th
PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED FEB. 24 ISSUE
IN CASE OF TIES DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

THIS COUPON MAY BE WORTH \$5,000 TO YOU!

RULES

You subscribe to 3 months (12 issues) of Mid-Week Pictorial, with the understanding you can have your money back after reading two issues if you so desire. Write your title for the picture on the coupon. Fill in name and address plainly. Mail the coupon with dollar bill, check or money order. There is nothing else to do. The 253 cash prizes are to be awarded to the persons who, in the opinion of the judges, write the most appropriate, interesting and descriptive title or caption for the contest picture.

First prize.....	\$5,000.00
Second ".....	1,000.00
Third ".....	500.00
Fourth ".....	200.00
Fifth ".....	100.00
48 prizes, each to be.....	25.00
200 prizes, each to be.....	10.00

MAIL THIS \$10,000.00 CONTEST COUPON TODAY!

Contest Manager
"MID-WEEK PICTORIAL"
148 East 47th Street, New York City

3-B

I herewith enclose \$1 (cash, check or money-order) for the three months (12 issues) trial subscription to "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL" The Newspaper Weekly. You are to send me my Contest Receipt within 5 days.

MY SUGGESTED TITLE IS:

.....
.....
.....
.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(If you prefer you can mail this coupon and your \$1 now, and send your Picture Title any time before the close of the Contest.)